

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1866.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

BY REV. J. H. M'CARTY, A. M.

FIRST PAPER.

THE world often knows but little of its greatest men. Deep waters move silently and slowly, while shallow creeks often drown your voice with their ceaseless roaring. Many a lieutenant or captain of the army far outshines his commanding general—in plumage. The philosopher often goes through the streets unnoticed, while the fool is the “observed of all observers.” There are men by hundreds who seem to be great—men whom the great world flatters—at whose feet the multitude fawns; who are the very negation of all inherent greatness—men who have no solidity to polish, no worth to emulate, no substance to endure. They have become popular by the sheer force of circumstances over which they had no control. It was their simple luck to stand in a position to be seen of men when some great event transpired, and becoming associated with that event they have become immortal. But theirs is only an accidental fame—a fame that springs from no personal merit. How true is the proposition that many of the world's greatest men have scarcely been known by their own generation! This is true of all the past; it must be true of all the future if our philosophy of human nature is true—if it is true that we have no means of judging the future but by the past. Many of our poets and essayists wrote but to be laughed at by the public in their own day, when after the lapse of a century the world woke up to see their merit. Many of the authors whose works are really valuable have had to beg, not only for publishers, but for bread. Johnson, whose writings have made his name a literary household word wherever the English language is spoken, wan-

dered about the streets of London at midnight without a place to shelter his head. Otway died of starvation. Savage came near it. Goldsmith walked the streets in his cheap peach-blossom coat, whose very looks excited the laughter of the populace. It took the world nearly two centuries to get its eyes open wide enough to see the beauties of the immortal Bard of Avon. Shakspeare is more highly appreciated to-day than at any previous period. Burns, one of Scotland's brightest lights, had his birth in obscurity, and lived and died in indigence. It seems strange to us in this age as we cast our eyes over those sparkling lines of “old Scotia's Bard,” that those sweet lines did not melt the avarice of Scotland's aristocracy into at least a commonplace generosity. If Burns's

“Ancient and ignoble blood
Had crept through scoundrels ever since the Flood,”

as he humorously wrote of himself, who could boast of any thing better, if our orthodox creed be true? In the language of Prior's epitaph,

“Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher.”

Burns's wild freaks were against him, but he was great none the less. And had those immortal verses been seen by the generation living then as they are now, he might not have died in indigence. It is not good logic to say that poverty is ever the cause of crime; but I could show, did space allow, that his poverty had something to do with his ruin. And so of artists and inventors as well as authors, an age has often had to pass away before their works were fully appreciated by mankind. Many examples could be given in proof were it necessary. And what is true of authors, poets, art-

ists, and inventors, is true of preachers. Many of the ablest divines of history have eked out an existence on scanty support, preached their sermons to small and only half-appreciative congregations, when half a century or more afterward those sermons were on every bookseller's shelf and read by thousands of people. But to my subject.

Whoever goes to Rhode Island, or, rather, its chief city, Providence, to tarry but a day, will be reminded of Roger Williams. Not by some granite shaft or marble statue, such as are generally raised to tell the world of the great dead; for strange to say Rhode Island, with all her pride of history and of character, has never yet paused long enough from the clatter of her jewelry shops and the hum of her spindles to lift a shaft in honor of her founder, though she has been promising to do so for a hundred years. It is a conclusion that every one must form, she does not fully appreciate that great name.

At the breaking out of the rebellion in the Spring of 1861 three young men of less than mediocrity, in point of talent, left their looms in the cotton mills of Lowell and Lawrence, marched with the famous "Massachusetts Sixth," to which they belonged, to defend the Nation's Capital from the firebrand of the traitor. In passing through Baltimore they fell the victims of a secession mob. They were associated with an event which will be ever memorable in American history. The names of Needham, Whitney, and Ladd will never more pass from the memory of Americans. Lowell and Lawrence have raised solid granite monuments to perpetuate their memories far down the ages—noble deed! But Roger Williams, the founder of the first free State in modern times, the man from whom even Jefferson is said to have derived his best ideas of free government, has no monument. But there is something redeeming even in this. Cato, I think it was, said he would rather men should ask why there was no monument erected to his memory than why there was. So of Roger Williams. Such a question is rather a tribute to his worth—implying at least that he ought to have one.

The name of Roger Williams is a conspicuous one in Providence. As you go along the streets you will read, "Roger Williams Bank," "Roger Williams Flouring Mill"—and, by the way, one of the largest in America—"Roger Williams Cooking-Stove"—an article which, in his day, housewives knew nothing about; and on Sabbath you can worship in "Roger Williams Church." Thus mills, banks, churches, and cooking-stoves are named after the founder

of Rhode Island. He is, then, not without a monument—he has many of them.

I have often visited the rock on which tradition says Mr. Williams landed, when he fled for refuge from his persecutors across the See-konk. If any footprints were made in the rock or in the adjacent sand, they have long since been obliterated; but the footprints of Roger Williams will not soon be obliterated from the sands of time. The spirit of Williams, like that of the great Charlemagne, still hovers over his native State, while the principles he advocated and adhered to with so much tenacity, are those of which every true American is proud.

Rhode Island is almost universally regarded as a Baptist State, though it must not be understood that no other denominations exist there. Congregationalists, Methodists, Catholics, Quakers, and several minor sects share the population with the Baptists; though the latter have generally been considered the more numerous.

The first Baptist Church in America was formed at Providence, and is still in existence, having been rebuilt and enlarged several times, till now it is one of the most commanding in the city. Mr. Williams, though a Baptist in sentiment while at Salem and Plymouth, had never been immersed. One of the charges against him was that of "embracing principles which tended to *anabaptism*," as they were then called. In March, 1639, having been joined by his family and a number of sympathizers, he was immersed by one of his brethren, Ezekiel Holliman, and then Mr. Williams turned about and immersed "about ten more." Thus was formed in 1639 the first Baptist Church in America, at Providence, R. I.

The Baptists claim a remote origin, a "regular succession" from the days of the apostles. I do not propose here to dispute that claim. But this is true, they have no very distinctly-marked history till in the reign of Henry VIII, of England, when they first appear under the name of *Lollards*—called after one Walter Lollard, a Dutchman, who, Mosheim says, "was remarkable for his eloquence and writings." It was during this reign that they became known by the name of *Anabaptists*, or re-baptizers. They now suffered the bitterest persecutions for their conscience. Their doctrines were condemned, and they were driven from their homes and their altars under the intolerant and ferocious spirit that ruled the times. Under Edward the oppressive laws were repealed, the prisons were thrown open, and the wanderers, many of them, returned. On the accession of

Queen Mary to the throne all laws in favor of the Protestant faith were repealed, and trying times followed. Queen Elizabeth issued a proclamation hoping to stay the Anabaptists, but it was of no avail. She then commanded them to depart out of the kingdom in twenty-one days. King James, of Scotland, succeeded Elizabeth. In Scotland he had experienced interruptions in his councils from the national clergy; and in his new situation many of these refused subscription to his articles of religion. To these indomitable spirits he observed, "Your scruples have a strong tincture of Anabaptism." All their appeals, with the open and honest avowal of their sentiments, availed nothing; the spirit of the age could not relent. It was in these stormy times that Roger Williams was born. It is said that Sir Edward Coke discovered in church a lad taking notes in short-hand during the service, and, struck with the boy's character and modest worth, gained permission of his parents to educate him. He was accordingly sent first to the Charter-House School, and subsequently to Jesus College, Oxford, where he excelled in the study of logic and the classics, studies that are adopted as the standards in Oxford. There is a tradition that says Mr. Williams was in some way related to Oliver Cromwell; but it rests on no satisfactory evidence. He is also said to have studied law with Coke; but of this there is much doubt, for Mr. Williams became an ordained minister in the Church of England soon after quitting college. He was by nature the very antagonist of all ecclesiastical tyranny. He was earnest, quick, conscientious, too much so for peace of either body or mind while under the laws of his mother country, which he considered at once unjust in all matters of religion. He was a Puritan rather than a Churchman. He could not hold relations to the Establishment and keep a "conscience void of offense." So he boldly ventured forth to seek a home and sphere of action in the New World. Accordingly he sailed with his wife for America, December 1, 1630, and arrived at Nantasket February 5, following. Arriving in New England, he went to Boston. He came to the New World a Puritan of the "extreme wing," and that wing which had ever stood up the most strongly for freedom of conscience. Mr. Williams was on terms of intimate friendship with Milton, and as one has said, "The causes which kept Milton from entering the sacred office soon compelled Williams to abandon it." At Boston, Williams took strong ground against what he deemed wrong. One of the first things was to attack the magistrates, who he openly declared had no

right to punish for any but civil offenses. In a short time he was called to be the assistant of Rev. Mr. Skelton, at Salem, Massachusetts. A remonstrance was sent at once from the General Court to Salem, in which he was charged with having refused to join with the Church in Boston on account of what he regarded as inconsistent; namely, "that they could not make a public declaration of their repentance for having had communion with the Churches of England while they remained there."

He objected to the Church of England, first, "that it was composed of pious and worldly men indiscriminately, and, second, that it assumed authority over the conscience, and was persecuting." Mr. Williams remained at Salem but a short time. From Salem he went to Plymouth, where he officiated as pastor in connection with Mr. Ralph Smith. It is generally supposed that it was while here that he became acquainted with the chiefs of some of the Indian tribes, and gained an insight into their language. Mr. Williams was subsequently called to succeed Mr. Skelton at Salem, in the pastoral office. His opinions soon filled the parish, and so different were they from those of the Puritans, that the decree of banishment was issued from the General Court—which provided that he should leave the colony within six weeks; failing in this, he should be arrested and sent out to return no more without license. The precise points on which Mr. Williams was condemned to banishment were these. They are thus briefly stated in one of his works entitled, "Mr. Cotton's Letter Examined and Answered:" "First, that we have not our land by patent from the king, but that the natives are the true owners of it, and that we ought to repent of such a receiving of it by patent; second, that it is not lawful to call a wicked person to swear (or) to pray as being actions of God's worship; thirdly, that it is not lawful to hear any of the ministers of the parish assemblies of England; fourthly, that the civil magistrate's power extends only to the bodies, goods, and outward state of men." These, says he, "I maintained with rocky strength, to my own and other consciences' satisfaction," and asserts his willingness "not only to be bound and banished, but to die also in New England, as for most holy truths of God in Jesus Christ." The plan first was to arrest him and send him back to England. Mr. Williams had left England for liberty of conscience, just as his persecutors had done. Hearing of the intentions of the authorities, he fled to the wilderness and committed himself to the "Lord and the savages," driven from his friends and

from his family, he was "sorely tossed for fourteen weeks, not knowing what bread or bed did mean." He found a lodging-place on the banks of the Seekonk River, which empties its waters into the Narragansett Bay, near where Providence now stands. But he was still within the jurisdiction of Plymouth Colony, and the Governor learning of the fact, and being a personal friend of Williams, kindly notified him of the danger of his position. He then changed his location to the opposite side of the river. Embarking in a canoe, with five of his followers, they bore down the stream, passed the extremity of the peninsula, and then ascended the Providence River, and landed at a point where the fresh water gurgled from the hill, and he said, "With a sense of God's merciful providence unto me, I called the place Providence." This took place in 1636. In these wanderings Mr. Williams suffered all that mortal could suffer short of death. The experience of Mr. Williams then was not unlike that of the great apostle to the Gentiles: "In perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren." 2 Corinthians xi, 26. Paul, in his journeyings, and persecutions, and perils, founded the Church of the Gentiles; Roger Williams in his, founded the first free State in modern times. Professor Gervinus, an eminent European scholar and politician, says, in his "Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century:" "Roger Williams founded, in 1636, a small new society in Rhode Island upon the principles of entire liberty of conscience, and the uncontrolled majority in secular concerns. The theories of freedom in Church and State, taught in the schools of philosophy in Europe, were here brought into practice in the government of a small community. It was prophesied that the democratic attempts to obtain universal suffrage, a general elective franchise, annual parliaments, entire religious freedom, and the Miltonian right of schism would be of short duration. But these institutions have not only maintained themselves here, but they have spread over the whole Union. They have superseded the aristocratic commencements of Carolina and of New York, the High-Church party of Virginia, the theocracy in Massachusetts, and the monarchy throughout America; they have given laws to one quarter of the globe, and, dreaded for their moral influence, they stand in the background of every democratic struggle in Europe."

Mr. Williams fled from the Puritans. They

had set him the example in that they had left their native land that they might have liberty of conscience. They had gained their point and were content. Cut off from all the rest of mankind, they could worship God according to the dictates of their consciences. But just here their virtue became a vice. An extreme truth becomes an error. They were not willing that others should have the same liberty they possessed. They fled from persecution only to persecute in turn. The Puritan theocracy was one of the most intolerant of all Church history. It was a spiritual despotism. In New England no form of religion, or mode of worship, or religious belief was countenanced that did not meet the sanction of the General Court, while the Catholics, always deemed intolerant, offered an asylum to all, in Maryland, with a degree of toleration that put New England to the blush. Obedience to the Court in spiritual and in temporal matters or banishment was the creed of the early Puritans, and the alternative of every man.

Mr. Williams here appears in a degree of moral grandeur that makes one love his race with a new love. He sought liberty—he would be satisfied with nothing else—it might be alone with his family and a few friends in the wilderness, far from civilization, and exposed to all the discomforts of life—it might be with death; yet nothing but *liberty* could still the pantings of his soul. If he could not *find* a way of liberty, like the old Roman, he would *make* one.

The fundamental principle in the new colony of Rhode Island was *pure democracy*. In the language of Roger Williams, it was to be a "shelter for persons distressed for conscience." The following is a copy of the article which all were required to sign who sought residence therein, and was drawn up by Mr. Williams: "We whose names are here under, desirous to inhabit in the town of Providence, do promise to subject ourselves in active or passive obedience to all such orders or agreements as shall be made for public good of the body, in an orderly way by the major consent of the present inhabitants, masters of families, incorporated together in a town fellowship, and others whom they shall admit unto the same, only in civil things." The thread of Mr. Williams's personal history is now lost in that of Rhode Island and Providence. For many years it remained a pure democracy, transacting all its public business in the town meetings, till, by the growth of surrounding communities, it became necessary to establish a government that would be more adapted to the growth of the

country and the welfare of its people. Mr. Williams sailed for England in 1642, and returned the following year, having been successful in obtaining the charter of the Rhode Island Colony. This, in itself, was not the greatest point gained. He persuaded King Charles I to favor religious toleration in the New World and charter entire freedom.

In my next paper I shall place before the reader some account of Roger Williams as a writer and author, in which we get a clearer insight into the character of the man than from any other source.

LAST SUPPER OF THE GIRONDISTS.

BY MERIEA A. BABCOCK.

"A wealthy friend, who had escaped proscription and was concealed in Paris, agreed to send them a sumptuous banquet the night after their trial, which banquet was to prove to them a funeral repast or a triumphant feast, according to the verdict of acquittal or condemnation."—*Life of Madame Roland*.

BRIGHT o'er the dungeon walls,
Bright as in festal halls,
Not as when moonlight falls,
Radiantly tender;
But with a dazzling glare
Blazed the red flambeaux there,
Flooding the prison bare
With noonday splendor.

Rusty the gratings old,
Heaps of straw damp with mold,
Prison-walls stern and cold,
Beaten and battered;
On this abode of hell
Weirdly the torch-lights fell,
While through each vault and cell
Chains clanked and clattered.

There, where Death's hollow tread
Sent back an echo dread,
There the rich board was spread,
Lavishly splendid;
And as each fated guest
Round the rare banquet pressed,
Mocked they with jeers and jest,
Till it was ended.

Rich were the viands spread,
Sparkling the wines and red,
As they, the living dead,
Drained the rare essence.
Ah, 't was a strange burlesque,
Figures and forms grotesque
Scoffing with reckless jest
Death's awful presence.

Men with rough beards unshorn,
Haggard, and wild, and worn,
Quaffed till the rays of morn
Softly had risen;

Then with the early dawn,
Pressed by an eager throng,
Robespierre, with saber drawn,
Entered the prison.

Red-heeled the monster strode,
Scanning the drear abode,
While his grim visage glowed
Fiendishly hateful;
And as he turned to go
Calmly spoke Vergniaud:
"Ye shall reap as ye sow—
This makes me grateful."

Thundered the raging fiend,
Then in his wrathful spleen,
"Lo, on the guillotine
This very morning,
Wretch, for thy taunting tone
Justice shall bare the bone;
Reap ye what I have sown,
Heed well my warning."

Many an earnest prayer
Rose on the morning air;
Many a heart laid bare
All its foul error.
Clear beamed the Christian's light,
Dark gloomed the skeptic's night,
As at the fearful sight
Quailed he with terror.

Thus closed Death's pantomime,
Played on the shores of time,
Solemn and most sublime,
Fearfully tragic.
Thus did each spirit's fall
Down o'er the foot-lights fall,
Vailing in darkness all,
As if by magic.

LITTLE LAURINE.

BY MRS. L. D. ALEXANDER.

WE laid her down by the willows to sleep,
Where the boughs o'er the silent waters sweep;
Where the breath of the morn on the dew-born flowers,
Shall wake in sweetness the peaceful hours;
And at eve, when the daylight lingers long,
The vesper winds bear the village song,
Or the music notes of some evening bell,
O'er the village green to the bowery dell.
And the midnight stars in beauty serene
Look down as the angels where sleeps our Laurine.
We laid her there—her form so light—
'Mid the waving grass and the daisies white,
When the first perfumes of early Spring,
And the tropical birds, on a light, gay wing,
Were coming to sweeten and cheer our home.
Then we pillowed her head in the darksome tomb,
Our hearts were crushed, and the sweetness of earth
And the song-bird's note told only the dearth,
The joyless hours and the waitings long,
For the echo notes were a saddened song.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.

BY EFFIE WEBSTER.

A LITTLE face was thrust into the half-open door of Mrs. Wingate's parlor, and then a tiny figure crept softly to that lady's side and laid its wan hand upon the lace puffing of her undersleeve.

"Flora, child! what on earth are you here for?" asked Flora's mother, brushing those little fingers from the costly lace.

"Because, mamma, I am so tired, and Lizette is so cross," and the curly head nestled against the soft blue jacket.

"There, there! you will crush my clothes till I am not fit to be seen. Go back to Lizette and be a good child."

"But I do n't want to be a good child and go back to Lizette. I hate Lizette!" and she stamped her feet impetuously, while a scowl darkened her fair face.

"For shame! wicked little girl to annoy her mother. Go, or I shall ring and have you taken away."

With a rebellious cry the child threw herself upon the floor and screamed lustily. Mrs. Wingate touched the bell and was promptly answered. "Take Flora to the nursery, and tell Lizette that I command her to keep Flora out of the parlors."

The child was taken away in a paroxysm of rage. Its mother smoothed her ruffled brow and laces, and settled back complacently to finish her reading.

Mrs. Wingate was a fashionable woman. She feared an out-of-the-season bonnet much more than she did neglect of duty. Her time was occupied with the *role* of dressing three times each day, and but few moments did she find to devote to the bud that Heaven had given her. She loved her child in her way, but that way was to shut her up in the nursery with Lizette, only allowing her the pleasure of entering the parlor occasionally, when she was dressed to be displayed before visitors. Lizette was impatient, and it is not strange that Flora's temper was violent and ungovernable at times, subjected to all manner of teasing as she was.

When she was taken screaming to her nurse the first words that fell upon her ear were, "There, you little upstart! I knew you'd catch it if you ran away. Poor little thing, did it get mad?"

A cry of anger was the only reply.

"Bless its little heart! It's lost its tongue. Shall Lizette throw sugar at it?"

"Lizette, I shall hate you to death some-

time," Flora replied, "and mamma, too, and all her jackets and laces."

"Bad girl! Hate your mother! Shame!"

A very excited altercation passed between nurse and child, which ended by Lizette dealing such a stinging blow upon Flora's cheek that she crouched upon her bed sobbing with pain.

And thus this child grew up—totally alone as far as friends were concerned—till she was ten years of age. Lizette was then discharged, and Flora was placed in boarding-school. There she was surrounded by a crowd of gay, thoughtless young ladies, and her mind was molded by them instead of the woman whose sacred trust it was to open the beauties of truth before her eyes, to point out a path of rectitude. Alas! Better for Flora Wingate's soul had she died in her baby innocence, than to have grown into the cold, hard-hearted, hard-feeling woman that she did at Madame De Toe's. At eighteen she was "finished," and Mrs. Wingate sent for her daughter. How her heart exulted when she thought of the girl's ripe beauty, and the pleasure she should take in the society of so charming a daughter!

"All the trials I have endured with her will be more than repaid with her now," she remarked to a friend. "Flora was such a bad-tempered child. She had the disposition of the Wingates, hard to bend or break. Now I hear of her as an accomplished young lady. We expect her to-day."

Flora enjoyed her journey. Purple haze rested upon the hills in the distance, a glory of sunlight flooded over the green slope and murmuring brooks that danced in the glorious sunlight. Azure sky spanned smiling earth, with here and there a mountain cloud tinged with splendor from the "father of light." Flora admired this beauty; that was all she admired particularly in the world. Nature had never repelled her, she had not grown hard toward the loveliness of earth; and, resting her chin upon her hand, she allowed her mind to drink in the scenery the livelong day, till evening with its somber shades mantled the objects from her view. Then, bowing her head lower, she mused. She was going home—well, that was no joyous thought. She had been sent away when other people kept their children at home. She had been allowed to spend the vacation weeks as best she might, since she was such a trouble at home. Only occasionally had she seen her mother, and now she was indifferent. Other girls had gone home with light hearts; gone home to low-roofed houses and humble abodes so happy. Education obtained, honor attained, they had gone to their parents with happy

exultant hearts. Flora Wingate was returning to luxuriance and ease, but her heart was dead—dead to the interests of her life and soul. Mothers, do you ever consider this inner-life responsibility?

She was at the door; she was assisted from the carriage and ushered into the parlor. To her mother she bent haughtily, and merely gave the tips of her fingers to her father.

"At home again, Flora. You are such a stranger, my child. Have you not been homesick?" said her mother.

"O! no, ma'am. Madame always found us amusement."

"Very kind of madame, most assuredly. Tea is quite ready."

Cut glass and china, viands, palatable and delicious, were before her. She appeared well. She had been schooled in perfect grace, and did full justice to her teachers. Being wearied she retired to her room with a gentle good-night.

"There, Edward, what do you say about Flora now? Has she not improved? Talk to me about her being neglected. Indeed, she shows in every look the culture she has received. You must perceive that she has grown up much better than if I had kept her constantly under my eye—a mother spoiling her child by allowing her the privileges that Flora has always enjoyed. I hope, most sincerely, that you will cease your preaching in regard to the subject, now that you have proof of my better judgment. What an idea! A mother kept in bondage by her baby, and then no relaxation when it arrives at maturer years! Why, Edward Wingate, the most poverty-stricken woman in the universe would not tie herself up to her child as you always desired me to do. You see your useless folly," and Mrs. Wingate patted the bright carpet with her slippered foot, looking triumphant.

"Never mind this polish. Look at her heart unfold. Find if she gives you that deep love a child should give its mother. Do you think to find sympathy, confidence, and pure motive? Depend upon it, Sarah, the hireling is not the mother. A mother molds a child's life; she either places the baby feet in the path of goodness, or allows them to ramble 'mid the weeds of sin. The result is always sure, this giving your trust to hired parents," and Mr. Wingate shook his head incredulously.

"You are so inconsistent, Edward Wingate," replied his wife.

The great shutters of the enormous establishment of Wingate & Co. remained fast closed the entire day. Men looked at them, and turn-

ing about, said, "Great failure this of Wingate! Such an unheard-of case! Nobody was supposed to be more stable."

Upon Mrs. Wingate this blow fell heavily. Instinctively she turned to her daughter for support in this affliction. Did she reap the blessed reward she might have obtained had she but kept her child's first love? We shall see.

They moved to a small house upon a back street, where they realized constantly "that riches take unto themselves wings." After the first spasm of pride Mrs. Wingate became cheerful, and determined to make home pleasant. She arranged their scanty furniture in such a manner that her husband almost forgot his lost brown-stone front. But Flora was miserable with no companionship of belles and beauties. She was careless, nay, worse than careless, cuttingly sarcastic to all her mother's remarks in regard to their circumstances. Flora Wingate in silk was not Flora Wingate in calico.

Mrs. Wingate was busily sewing, one mellow October afternoon, the while meditating upon her life. It had been a bitter trial this coming humbly to the world's "common level." She had bowed at the foot of the Cross, and received that grace that surpasseth all understanding. Only one black cloud dimmed her sky—her daughter. She realized that she had grown up with a heart devoid of parental love and respect. That tender life plant had wound its tendrils about the most prominent human emotions that were held out to catch the young shoots. They were the most hardy, the most natural propensities of life. The human mind is prone to imbibe selfishness and a mere life gratification. Divine truth must be instilled by a teacher of purity. Heaven never forgets, it will not hold guiltless a forfeiture of this trust.

"Mother," said a well-modulated voice behind the muser, "I wish to speak with you."

"Certainly, my daughter. What is it?" she asked, pleased with the idea of obtaining her confidence.

"Enfred Gaboll proposed last night. I shall marry him," she replied decidedly.

"Flora, daughter! do not sell yourself. He is an infidel, a scoffer. He has no principle higher than worldly pleasure. I have learned how valueless that is. O! my daughter, adapt yourself to our circumstances and live happily."

There was a proud erection of Flora's queenly figure, a haughty flash from her eyes.

"Adapt myself to circumstances! I have never learned the art of adaptation. I have never been taught that happiness was made. I suppose our surroundings make it. I shall never see one moment's peace in this out-of-the-

way place. Nothing to take up my mind, nothing to interest me, nothing for companionship."

"Flora!" expostulated her mother, "your father and mother are here! Since your mind needs occupation, busy yourself about the house. There are a dozen corners that need fancy what-nots and stands. We need some ottomans; and our small parlor might be enlivened by a hundred little ornaments, neither expensive nor intricate to fashion. Your father and I are used to this life. It was the way we first commenced, and I am glad we have returned to it since my world-blinded eyes are opened. Stay with us, Flora, and learn that we make our lives ourselves. Let us live to the glory of Him who made us."

"A change has come o'er the spirit of your dreams seemingly," she sarcastically rejoined. "I do not remember hearing like sentiments before. It is useless to parley with words. I shall marry Enfred Gaboll."

And she did. She promised to love, honor, and obey a man with no principle of truth in his soul.

Months passed by and giddy Mrs. Enfred Gaboll forgot her parents on the back street. It was not necessary she should weary her patience threading her way to unfrequented by-ways, and in a ceaseless whirl of intoxication she forgot the ties of parent and child, since she never had a realizing sense of them. Never did it pass her lips that she was the daughter of Edward Wingate.

And thus the mother who had failed to impart to her offspring the principles of filial respect and love, reaped in bitterness her reward—her scathing reward. A soul lost, a life ruined! Influence lost in early years is never regained. Thus Sarah Wingate failed in her later attempts to plant goodness in the heart of her child. Too late! Life's spring-time molds the heart and mind. Childhood marks out the path of life. Mothers, look ye well to it.

HABIT is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength, if also, in certain circumstances, our miserable weakness. Let me go once, scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook, and successfully arriving, my footsteps are an invitation to me a second time to go by the same way—it is easier than any other way. Habit is our primal fundamental law—habit and imitation—there is nothing more perennial in us than these two. They are the source of all working and all apprenticeship, of all practice, and all learning in this world.—*Carlyle.*

THE TOILS AND TRIALS OF WOMAN.

BY PROF. WILLIAM WELLS.

THE all-absorbing question of self-support for woman, which has occupied so much attention in our own country of late years, is now claiming the thought and effort of many of the best and most philanthropic hearts of European lands.

But every-where on the continent, and, indeed, to a certain extent in England, there exists a cruel line of demarkation between women who labor at coarse occupations requiring physical strength, and those whose toil brings them into contact at least with the ordinary refinements of life. To one accustomed to see woman respected and kindly treated, regardless of her honest occupation, nothing is more repulsive in a continental tour than the frequent degradation of the female sex that is forced upon the observation of the traveler.

One is at times led to believe that women, whose employment is that of horses, must necessarily become unsexed, and in regarding the brawny arms and stalwart frames of these female laborers, it seems indeed to be so. Women who carry coal from the mines on their backs, who are harnessed with horses to a canal boat or stone-wagon, who are hod-carriers supplying the mason with brick and mortar, or farm-drudges bearing manure to the field, can not retain much of the peculiar attraction of the sex. The result is that they are scarcely regarded as women by either sex of those above them in the social scale, and are treated and addressed in manners and language that would only be tolerated by their class.

These poor toilers are receiving but little attention, and with the present construction of society in Europe they can hope for little for a long time to come. The principal cause of this inhumanity of man to woman are the immense standing armies in every realm; these keep men in idleness in peace, or send them to be maimed or slaughtered in war, and the places that they should fill in the field of labor are occupied by their wives and daughters, because the latter must have a support, and the toil must be performed by some one.

But there is another class whose sufferings are as keen, though not so patent to the world because covered with the cloak of refinement, or withdrawn from the broader gaze. These are the daughters of the middling classes, or in many cases even of the higher classes, reduced by misfortune to the necessity of providing for their own support. To the toils and

trials of these very special attention is just now being paid throughout Europe, and we approach the question with greater satisfaction, from the fact that the impetus to this new movement finds its origin, in some degree, in the activity developed in this field of discussion of late years in our own country. The great question is to multiply and extend the occupations that are or may be adapted to woman, and this is to be effected by systematically training them to industrial pursuits now chiefly exercised by men.

But a special effort is now being made in France to ameliorate the condition of female teachers and governesses—these occupations absorbing an unusually large proportion of young French women, partly from their social system of governesses where a family is at all able to bear the expense, and partly from the fact that there is a very large demand all over Europe for French women to take charge of the younger children, and instill the principles and practice of the language while young, that it may more nearly become as a vernacular.

A French lady whose name deserves to be cherished and remembered by American women—Madame Victoire Daubié—has become the noble champion of her sex on this battle-field, and is now wielding her favorite weapons, the tongue and pen, with marked success. She has lately published a number of articles on the subject of female education under the "Second Empire," as the French love to call their present dynasty, and gives a picture of its condition not at all flattering to the reign.

In France female education is still largely carried on in the convents, and these are formidable rivals to the secular institutions that devote themselves to the higher branches of education. The French Revolution abolished these convents, and the First Empire monopolized education, but paid little attention to that for woman. The Restoration reinstated the convents, and fettered secular instruction for the female sex, and thus it virtually remains now.

The secular schools of Paris for the instruction of young ladies are known as "*Pensionnats*;" many of them are large and excellent, but too many, we fear, partake of the nature of the French boarding-schools transplanted into the larger cities of this country, upon whose merits we need not enlarge. The rivalry of the convents forces them to assume a mercantile character, and resort to every means to reduce expenses. Now, the main sufferers in the case—and this brings us to the thread of our story—are the young ladies who occupy the place of teachers. They receive salaries sometimes as low as fifty dollars per annum, and feel happy

if they can, by hard labor or extra merit, approach the hundreds. They are thus obliged, in the few hours that they may have free, to earn a little with the needle or other means, a course that saps the foundation of health, or lowers them in the eyes of their pupils.

Madame Daubié recites a number of cases of unkind treatment that came under her own observation. The daughter of a general who fell on the battle-field for his country, is rudely chided by a mother in presence of her pupils for administering proper reproof to a child. Another is ordered to mend the torn dresses of a pupil during recess; and the instances are numerous where young ladies of good families who find it necessary to teach for a support, are therefore considered fair subjects for the insults of young men whose sole claim is their family or their means.

Still worse is the condition of those who act as private teachers, passing from house to house imparting instruction. There is a prejudice against this class in Paris, and yet no less than three thousand live alone from piano instruction. Their labor is most exhausting—from morning till evening they walk from house to house, laboring from twelve to fifteen hours per day, without relief and adequate nourishment. Their pay is contemptible, sometimes not exceeding ten cents a lesson. Many good teachers would gladly give twenty-five lessons in French, geography, music, etc., for three dollars.

The lot of many young French women who seek their support as governesses all over Europe is pitiable indeed. One young lady suffering with weak lungs came to Madame Daubié, rejoiced at having found a place where she could instruct and care for a child during the day, and read to the lady of the house in the evening. "Do you not fear to increase your disease, and have you made no provision with regard to your health?"

"By no means. I feared to speak of my weakness lest I might receive a negative answer, and thus be deprived of a support."

In many wealthy houses of France and England, governesses are obliged to sit at table with the servants, who are often better paid. Young French women of education and intelligence frequently leave their homes, hoping for favorable engagements as teachers in foreign lands, and too often sink in despair, into hopeless ruin and infamy. Some are forced to abjure their faith to insure a livelihood, others in sickness are sent to public institutions to die among strangers, or sink by the wayside in endeavoring to reach home and friends.

The question now is, Shall the social relations thus continue to condemn these women to the martyr's life and the martyr's death? Is there no Victor Hugo to raise his voice and speak with a tongue of fire in behalf of these sufferers? If the French Emperor would devote a small part of his energy to the educational institutions, and the improvement of the lot of these poor girls, and less to the "*balance of power*" and the "*oppressed nationalities*," it would redound greatly to his honor and their welfare.

If we compare the lot of young ladies of refinement, struggling for existence in France, England, or Germany, it is doubtful where we find the greater amount of misery and woe. But it is gratifying to know that in each of these countries unusual attention is now being paid to their deplorable situation.

In London, Mrs. Emily Faithful is the owner of a printing office, in which she employs only female compositors and printers. She is also the publisher of the *Victoria Magazine*, a monthly periodical of about three years' existence, written mainly by women, and holding the position of organ of the association for the advancement of the means of support among women. A recent number contains an article devoted to the instruction and education of women, with the special view of elevating their rank in the world of labors, and giving them a more independent position in society.

Indeed, England, with Victoria on the throne of to-day, and pointing to Elizabeth of the past, has great reason to be proud of her women, and owes them a debt which she should be anxious to repay. She can point with pride to the many that now wield the pen to her honor, and ask with justice the question, Why can not women insure to themselves an independent existence as well as men, without exhausting toils and heart-breaking trials? The answer evidently is, the faulty education of the sex.

A boy, from his earliest age, is educated with a view to his future calling; and when he is old enough to comprehend the question he is sure to hear it: What do you intend to become? His first idea is usually to tread in the footsteps of his father; as he advances in years he is inclined to turn to the bent of his own peculiar genius.

But who thinks of addressing this question to the girl, and where is she to acquire in her elementary training a tendency to an honorable and fitting occupation that may render her independent in life?

Now, this London lady and her colleagues

would secure for women a practical education that might serve her as a support in after-life. She may have enjoyed the advantages of excellent instruction in school, but she has had no center around which to group her efforts. At the close of her school-days she is at a loss to know what to do. If her parents have means she devotes her time to the toilet, visits, and pleasures; or, perchance, she may be intellectually or artistically inclined, and sober, as an *amateur*, into a course of study or art; but this is generally of little practical value unless she have a natural talent for these pursuits. But make the later training of girls the perfection of some special study or calling, and you prepare them for all the emergencies of life. If they show a decided talent for music or painting, give them such systematic instruction in these branches as shall fit them for teachers, and then, if the family meet with a reverse of fortune, or the father die and leave them in embarrassment, they are prepared to meet the change with courage and independence, and provide for their own wants and the protection of the younger members of the household.

So much for those whose present good fortune enables them to look on life smilingly, but would prepare for the contingencies of the future.

But for young women who are certainly to depend upon themselves, and who have not the means and time to devote to the more refined or artistic studies, these ladies suggest a practical training in occupations that would more quickly give them self-support. They suggest book-keeping, commercial correspondence, telegraphing, and employment in the civil office. Now this latter, especially, is a great stride for England, but they bring the testimony of government officers who have employed young women in the bureaus, and express themselves highly pleased with the result. They are declared to be quite as reliable as men, and often more teachable, and more ready in the comprehension of their official duties. These ladies, therefore, press upon young women the necessity of choosing such occupations as may be adapted to their sex and strength, and applying themselves with zeal to a daily study and practice of them; this will insure skill, and skill and modest worth will force acknowledgment and support from society.

So much for progress among English women. As we study their platform and observe their tendencies, we can not help claiming that they have caught their inspiration from this side of the Atlantic, which, with all its faults, we are still ready to declare the paradise of woman.

If we now turn to the Father-land we find an unusual activity there in the matter of woman's toils and trials. German women are perhaps more devoted to domestic duties than those of any other nation, but there are not homes enough to give all occupation and support. European wars and standing armies make fearful inroads into the male ranks, and so produce a marked disproportion between the sexes. Thus vast numbers of women must be thrown on their own resources. To give these aid and employment, the ladies of Berlin, especially, have been lately very active.

A few months ago there was opened in that capital a "Commercial and Industrial Institute for the adult daughters of Berlin." Its aim is to take young ladies who have the ordinary educational training, and by systematic instruction and practical exercise, to prepare them for commercial and industrial pursuits. The Institute has two main divisions; the first takes young women of at least fifteen years of age, and gives them a thorough and comprehensive course of two years; the second provides a one-year course for those at least sixteen years old, in the most necessary instruction required to prepare them for some practical calling.

The present plan comprehends the following subjects: General commercial and industrial knowledge; book-keeping for commerce and manufactures; commercial correspondence; commercial penmanship; arithmetic applied to commerce and the arts; elements of natural history, philosophy, and chemistry; commercial history and geography; language and style, with English and French correspondence; drawing, both free hand and from designs.

The Institute is provided with a library, collections of patterns and wares, philosophical and chemical apparatus; and the pupils make frequent excursions for the inspection of warehouses and manufactories. The fee is about forty dollars per year. The Institute is under the supervision of a society of ladies, known as the association for the advancement of self-support of the female sex. The Crown-Princess of Prussia, daughter of Queen Victoria, is the Lady-Protectress, and has already founded two free scholarships, an example followed by the Queen Augusta.

We have been thus careful to specify with a view of showing how thoroughly these German ladies have begun this great work, and how earnest and sincere they are in their zeal.

It is needless to say that these efforts are not without their opponents, some with honest convictions, and others with conservative prejudices. As is often the case, some of these pre-

tended friends are their worst enemies. The so-called question of woman's rights is by some injudiciously connected with this movement to give to women respectable and remunerative occupation, and has thus drawn upon it the acrimony of those who see a Pandora's box in the emancipation of woman.

In Bohemia a certain gentleman, who seems to have sat at the feet of some of the strong-minded women of New York during a residence there, has now become the oracle of certain Bohemian ladies who wish to throw off allegiance to the male sex. He has organized said ladies into what he calls very naively an "*American Club*." This body dons the bloomers, gets up lectures, visits factories, mines, railroads, machine shops, etc., in true masculine style, and has created such an excitement generally as to draw a large amount of odium on the cause, and no little discredit on the American name. Innocent German ladies begin to fear that it is the custom of the country here for the women to form the clubs, and the men to stay at home and attend to domestic pursuits.

In short, the strife between the sexes has fairly commenced in the Father-land, and woman is ceasing to be the abject servant that she so proverbially is, especially among the laboring classes. An amusing contest is just now entertaining the polite world on account of a famous reply of Madame Marié Gayette to sixteen thousand young bachelors, who exchange vows not to marry till the present extravagance of women shall be reduced to moderate bounds. Madame insists upon it that women have the worst of the bargain in all social arrangements. Sisters are obliged to knit and sew, wash and iron, cook, clean gloves, starch wristbands and collars, tie cravats; in short, do a thousand things for brothers, as a matter of course, for which they receive no thanks. The brothers go away to school, and return at holidays, only to play the lord at home; sisters must bring them their slippers and pipes, prepare delicacies for them and look on while they eat, and bring them their dressing-gowns when they would take a snooze on the parlor sofa.

When boys are born it is a great event in the house—the family has an heir and worker—but the poor girls are received with a quiet shrug of the shoulders, and the question, "Where shall we procure a dowry by which to marry them off?" Brothers become officers, politicians, doctors, or lawyers, and the poor sisters have a scanty allowance on account of the expense attendant on the brothers' entering a profession.

As men they no longer seek wives, but matches; they have a sliding scale of worth according to

the thousands. Fifty thousand is quite amiable and lovely; a hundred thousand is adorable, and so on. If a new female acquaintance is to be made the first question is, Has she money? With this catechism he enters into the bonds of matrimony, swears to whatever the preacher tells him, and never thinks of his oath afterward. With the prize he has secured the future, and this is all he desired. Madame then recommends to these sixteen thousand youths to keep their vow, and not to marry. The less of their kind in the world, the better; posterity will not suffer. The coming generation will simply see fewer pomatumed dandies on the promenade, and fewer caricatures in the comic sheets.

May we not safely leave the case of these German ladies in their own hands?

THE WIDOW OF COLOGNE.

A PICTURE OF MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

PART I.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

IT was in the forenoon of a beautiful Summer day, A. D. 1600, when the gardens of fair Italy were in their highest bloom, that two maidens, apparently of high birth, were seen seated on a grassy bank, beside a fountain, which, in its classic style and perfect proportions, harmonized well with its beautiful surroundings, which every-where bore evidence of the refined taste of the Medicis, those merchant princes, who were no less renowned for intellectual superiority than unbounded wealth. That they were not sisters was evident, not only from the entire dissimilarity of face and form, but also from the strong contrast afforded by the haughty demeanor of one, to the eager earnestness of the other.

Both were handsome; but their style of beauty differed quite as much as did their social position. One was tall, with a face and figure fit for an empress; the other was small, with sparkling, dark eyes, and a true Italian complexion. The stately maiden was fairer than her companion, and, with a more than ordinary mind, refined tastes, and a kind and generous heart, might be supposed to possess the power of winning the hearts of all who approached her; but the compressed lip and imperious brow told that obstinacy mingled largely with the better elements of her character, and only waited a proper period for their development.

The two friends were conversing together, but not with equal interest; for one chatted gayly, as, with busy fingers, she formed a garland from the various flowers she held in her lap, while the other, seemingly abstracted, and with clouded brow, replied only in monosyllables, and pettishly pulled to pieces the roses within her reach, and flung their dissevered petals into the basin.

"How have those poor flowers offended?" asked the maiden of the garland playfully; "and why look so gloomy when you ought to be so happy? Of what can you be thinking, that thus clouds the brilliant prospect now opening before you?"

"I am thinking of the imperial wives of France, Leonora," was the answer; "of those who have worn the crown-matrimonial, which, I have heard, has never failed to inflict deep wounds on all upon whose brow it has rested; and it has been remarked, too, that the dark shadow of its fatality has spread into other lands, when their sovereigns have allied themselves with French royalty."

"Then why accept it, if you fear its dreadful pressure, Marie?" inquired the other. "The Duke of Parma offers you an alternative; and brave, handsome, and accomplished, beloved at home and honored abroad, is a fitting match for any princess in Europe. What more would you have?"

"A throne, Leonora, nothing but a throne! The Duke of Parma has only a coronet to offer, and my ambition will not be satisfied with less than a crown—even though that crown should be lined with thorns. You seem to forget that the children of royal houses are to have no feelings or preferences; we are taught from infancy that we are only born to play the part of puppets in affairs of state policy. I tell you that I smothered whatever of heart I possessed long ago, and have given myself up to ambition; so that I can not be satisfied with any thing less than a crown. And what greater honor could be desired than to wear the crown of France, bestowed by the hand of the renowned Henry the Great?"

The Princess curled her lip contemptuously. "Yes," she said, "the renowned Henry of Navarre—lately the husband of the divorced Margaret of Valois. She managed him badly; but, no matter; I shall be a queen, and wear a crown. Yes; I will rule the great Henry and France, too."

The speakers, whose conversation is here recorded, were Marie de Medicis and her friend, Leonora Galigai, who had even then acquired an influence over the haughty Princess, to

which, although she boasted that she never gave way to any one, she always yielded, and which afterward produced such fatal consequences.

Marie was the daughter of Francis, Duke of Tuscany, and Jane, of Austria, and was in her twenty-sixth year, when Sully and Ossat, the ministers of Henry IV, appeared at the Florentine court to negotiate a marriage so necessary to the interests of the State. It was a match every way suitable; one that ought to have rendered the parties supremely happy themselves, and might have proved a blessing to France; but the violent and obstinate temper of the Princess counteracted the influence of the many virtues which even her enemies allowed that she possessed. Educated in the luxurious, but comparatively-obscure, court of which her father was the ruler, she was in no wise calculated, by nature or training, to battle with the intrigue and duplicity she could not fail to meet with in the corrupt and sensual court of France. Although possessing, in a high degree, the intellectual, refined, and elevating tastes by which her family, the Medici, were distinguished, they were all sacrificed on the shrine of vanity and ambition. She was elated beyond measure at the brilliant prospect of sharing the throne of France, but to the honor of being the wife of Henry IV—a name, to this day, never mentioned without great respect—she was altogether insensible.

Our space will not allow us to follow, in close detail, the occurrences of Marie de Medici's eventful and dramatic life, nor to trace the workings of an ambition too great for the strength of her mind, nor to enumerate her many imprudent and violent actions; but must be content to confine ourselves to the most prominent incidents of her life, embodied in the three periods of her history, which we have designated as Morning, Noon, and Night. But as History holds her mirror to our view, and we cast a hasty, but comprehensive, glance over the memory of one to whom royalty was a temptation and power a snare, let us not withhold our pity from her who, although she was worthy to be greatly blamed, was also greatly wronged; and who, reared in splendor, died suffering the deprivations of the most abject poverty. The decrees of an all-wise Providence sometimes appear hard to short-sighted mortals; and yet, if our sympathy with the present sufferings of the unfortunate did not lead us to cast a veil of oblivion over the errors of the past, we should but too often confess that the sufferers from adverse fortune are in reality but the victims of their own imprudence and misconduct.

The proposal of the French alliance was received with great joy by the Florentine court. To Marie was at once paid all the honors due to a Queen of France. Her dower was magnificent, and the most brilliant entertainments were given by the Duke of Tuscany to celebrate this glorious event. The marriage was performed by proxy; and the fair bride embarked in a superb galley, and, escorted by a flotilla of seventeen vessels—and accompanied by a suite selected from the highest families of Tuscany—sailed for Marseilles. The vessel which conveyed Marie to her new home was fitted out with the utmost splendor, and with a prodigality which could not easily be rivaled. It was decorated with tapestry of silk and gold embroidery, ornamented within and without with pearls and jewels, and, the crowning glory of the whole, the escutcheon of the House of Medici was traced in diamonds.

At first the weather was bright and beautiful, but, after a few days, contrary and violent winds arose, and made the voyage, even to its close, perilous in the extreme. The attendants of the Princess—superstitious and timid—together with the strong-minded Leonora, became alarmed, and regarded the tempestuous voyage as ominous of the future life of their mistress. Marie, however, displayed no alarm, but spoke cheerfully to the rest, and showed herself, in this respect, worthy of the hero who had chosen her to share his throne.

The King was to have met her at Marseilles, but he was detained at the besieging of a fortress. Marie, offended by this seeming neglect, was scarcely to be soothed into good humor even by the splendid preparations made for her reception. On landing, she was welcomed by the highest nobility of the French court, and regal honors were bestowed on her all along the road to Lyons, where she was to wait the arrival of the King. Yet eight days passed before he made his appearance, thus evincing an indifference, by which her pride was sorely wounded.

He came at last: and, notwithstanding the fatigue he had undergone—for he had just left his army—he, without changing his dress, at once sought her presence, and by his courtly and affectionate greeting at once banished her displeasure. On the same day the marriage ceremony was performed in the cathedral of Lyons, and, three months after, she made her *entree* into Paris, amid the joyful acclamations of the populace and welcome of the nobles. She was now happy. Her ambition was fully gratified in being hailed Queen of France, and her affection strongly awakened for Henry, who,

regarded as the greatest sovereign of Europe, had raised her to this elevated position.

The first few months of Marie's new life sped rapidly and brilliantly away. Lulled by the calm and sunshine of all around her, she forgot that storms sweep more fiercely and devastatingly over the mountain tops than in the lowly valleys. But the brightness soon passed away, and dark clouds began to appear in its stead. She was wearing the crown-matrimonial of France—a circlet with which some dark fatality seems connected; for among the many fair brows on which it has rested, there is scarcely one that it has left without a blight or a stain; and, perhaps, by no one was the “sharp and cruel thorns with which it is lined” more painfully felt than by Marie de Medicis.

Almost sovereign in her father's comparatively-obscure court, she had had but little temptation to exhibit the evil peculiarities of her nature; but now, feeling herself Queen of France, she kept no guard over herself, but gave way to her domineering temper, careless of the enmity she provoked. No one doubted her affection for her husband-king; but she too often forgot that he was King, and, haughty and jealous as she was violent, provoked painful dissensions, which imbibited the lives of both. Her dream of ambition had been fulfilled; but she found out—as many others have done before and since—that splendor and high places do not bring happiness. Even while exulting in her high position, and envied by rival queens, she was far from being happy. The “unseen and unsuspected thorn,” concealed in the crown-matrimonial of France, was working its way. And yet, obliged to acknowledge that her present elevation had not brought the happiness she expected, she had no regret when she thought of her quiet life in Tuscany. The steady turmoil in which she now lived was more congenial to her nature. The blame, however, did not wholly belong to Marie. The domestic conduct of Henry IV—the object of veneration to all Europe, and the restorer of peace to France—was not in accordance with other parts of his character; and if he did not find in the bosom of his own family the quiet his judicious rule had bestowed on others, truth obliges the impartial historian to confess that Marie had often only too much reason for complaint, and excuse for those violent outbreaks of temper to which she gave way.

Leonora Galigai—Marie's favorite friend—soon after her arrival in France had married Concini, also a favorite with the Queen. This pair were blamed by Henry as exerting a pernicious influence over Marie, the Queen. He

therefore regarded them with intolerable dislike, and often threatened that he would not only banish them to Florence, but the Queen also.

We can not detail in this place the many causes which imbibited the life of Marie de Medicis; but on none did the shadow belonging to the crown-matrimonial of France rest more darkly than on her. She was eclipsed in her own court by her husband's favorite, the Marchioness de Verneuil, who publicly treated her with disrespect, and mimicked her Italian accent and manner, and when she complained of those indignities to the King, he only either laughed at her, or, refusing to listen to or believe her, made them the occasion of a violent quarrel. Such repeated provocations and threats of divorce soured her temper completely, and rendered her mind almost insanely irritable by constant vexation and apprehension.

Her coronation, which was to have taken place at once, on her arrival in France, was, from time to time, delayed, on various pretenses, for ten years, notwithstanding her great anxiety for its performance, and earnest entreaties to the King that her right to be acknowledged Queen should be no longer withheld. “It is but a semblance of royalty which I possess,” she would exclaim in a passion of anger to her friend, Leonora; “the King, alarmed by the predictions of a silly astrologer, who declared he would die in a coach, on an occasion of some great festivity, seeks to defraud me of my right—but I will not be conquered.” Every refusal of the King provoked a new quarrel; so that Henry at last lost all patience, and, forgetful of his duty as Marie had been of hers, descended to such recriminations that a separation was the result; but, after a short time, a reconciliation was effected by the efforts of the good and faithful Sully.

Fifty-eight years had passed since the birth of a Dauphin had occurred in France, and great was the rejoicing throughout the realm when the advent of an heir to the throne was announced. But not even did this welcome event, nor the birth of several other most promising children, bring an increase of happiness to the disappointed Queen. Most women would have found a solace amid her domestic discomforts in the discharge of maternal duties, and in the endearments of her innocent children; but ambition had closed up all the avenues of her heart against the tenderer emotions. Mortified at the position she held in her husband's court, where it was her right to reign supreme, and brooding over her real and fancied wrongs, she became suspicious of all around her, and grew daily more severe and exacting.

Learning that a conspiracy was on foot to have her divorced from Henry, and her son—afterward Louis XIII—disinherited, her anger knew no bounds. The powerful family of the Antraigues, to whom Henry allowed too much license at court, were her greatest enemies, and, hating as they were hated, declared themselves possessed of documents which would render her marriage with the King invalid. The conspiracy was discovered. Henry became seriously uneasy; Marie was the daughter of royalty, and it would have been a dark blot on his escutcheon should it be proved that he had thus, as it was pretended, wronged her. But the terror and grief of the Queen is not to be described. The flood of her affliction was overwhelming. A queen threatened with dethronement; a wife menaced with having no right to the name; a mother, with the prospect of her son's succession to his father's throne set aside, and the scepter wrested from his hands, because, from the King's previous marriage, he had no legal claim! This, then, was to be the end of all her ambitious hopes! And often, as she and Leonora sat together in her luxurious palace-chamber, they would recall the scene in the garden, when she declared "that nothing less than a throne would satisfy her," and her boast that "she would rule Henry the Great and all France;" and then her haughty spirit, not yet subdued by what she had suffered, or rendered fearful by the greater troubles with which she was menaced, would again flash out, and she would exclaim: "Yes, Leonora, I am not to be conquered; I will do so still!"

It might be supposed that, surrounded by enemies of whose designs she was not ignorant, and the intrigues of a most corrupt court, she would keep watch over herself, at least so far as to be more guarded in her speech than was her wont, but this was not the case. Her violent and imprudent course of conduct made her situation every day more precarious, and, except for the counsels of one to whom she had uniformly been kind, and who owed his elevation to her, she might have hastened the threatened storm which was now lowering on her life's horizon. This counselor was the wise and crafty Richelieu, Bishop of Lucor, just now, through her favor, rising into notice. He had, on her arrival in France, been appointed her confessor, and grateful for the helping hand which she had unsparingly used in her benevolent efforts to promote his interests, he now, when she stood upon the verge of ruin, showed himself her friend. He entreated her to moderate her violence; he did all that was possible to combat her prepossessions; he kneeled and

supplanted even to tears, and showed her that her present course was only serving more and more to alienate the King and precipitate her own downfall. For a long time she remained inflexible, but at length yielded so far as to moderate her violent behavior and conciliate her husband. The generous-hearted Henry freely accepted the overtures of peace, and feeling that he had not done her justice, and desirous of making amends for the improper treatment he had allowed her to receive, gave orders that preparations for her long-delayed coronation should now be made. Nevertheless, he still manifested a great reluctance to name the day, but at length it was fixed for the 13th of May, 1610.

As Marie had long before declared to Leonora, he had a presentiment that the ceremony would prove fatal to him, and he often exclaimed, "O that detestable coronation, it will cause my death!" and even then endeavored to obtain the Queen's consent to its being postponed. But Marie, though a full believer in the science of astrology, and as superstitious as could be, was absolute in her refusal. Her right had already been delayed for ten years. No Queen of France had ever yet been so badly treated; and she angrily declared that the ceremony should no longer be postponed on account of such a childish apprehension as that created by the silly prediction of an astrologer. The important day at length arrived; the ceremony of placing the crown of France on the head of Marie took place at the church of St. Denis; Marie's dress was gorgeous, literally blazing with jewels, heirlooms of the rich Medici. The King forgot the ominous prediction that had for so long disturbed his quiet, and gratified in beholding her magnificent appearance, heightened her triumph and her vanity by declaring in his enthusiasm, that "he had never seen so handsome a woman as his Queen." The festivities were to continue for several days, and the most costly arrangements were being made to celebrate the occasion. Marie now, triumphant over the enemies who had so nearly effected her ruin, declared to Leonora that "for the first time since she left Florence she was perfectly happy."

This, however, was but a transient lull amid the storm in which the whole of her life was passed; the sinister prediction of the astrologer which had awakened the solicitude of the King's friends and caused uneasiness to himself, was too truly prophetic. The festal ceremonies were scarcely commenced when the general joy was turned into mourning, and the voice of all France exclaimed in tones of lamentation,

"*Nous avons perdu notre pere*"—we have lost our father.

On the 14th of May the King set out on a visit to Sully, who was sick, and wishing to see the preparations which were being made for the Queen's public entry into the city, which was to take place on the 16th, the curtains of the royal coach were drawn up. Turning out of one street into another, into which the entree, at all times very narrow, was blocked up with two hay-carts, the coachman was obliged to stop while the attendants cleared the way. At this moment a wild-faced, red-haired man approached the carriage where the King sat reading a letter, and struck the blow which deprived Henry of his life and France of her wise and benevolent sovereign.

The great modern hero was not lamented under the palace-roof of his wife as he was bewailed beneath the thatch of the cottages throughout the realm, for Marie de Medicis was ignorant of the extent of her loss. The same ambition that had led her to desire a throne and crown as the greatest of all treasures, and sealed up her heart against the hallowing influence of maternal and conjugal affection, also rendered her callous to emotions which the tragedy just enacted might be supposed naturally to bring forth. No such softening, however, took place. Two hours after the king was murdered she had taken every precautionary measure necessary for assuring herself of the regency. The power of governing the realm of France as regent was, however, by no means granted willingly to her. The Duke de Epernon, Colonel-General of the French guard, surrounded the parliament house with troops, and, after a long harangue before the members, prevailed on them to declare the Queen regent of France; and it was remarked, as if inseparable from her stormy nature, that from the moment she assumed the reins of government discord began to manifest itself, and that which was at first whispers of dissatisfaction, soon became loud murmurs of wrong, and at length increased to demands of rights, and threats of vengeance. Henry's faithful friend, the wise and virtuous Sully, was at once dismissed from the council; to him followed all the other ministers of Henry's choice; and this first act of her unskillful government, so plainly indicative of the policy she intended to pursue, at once precipitated, not only her own ruin, but nearly effected that of France. The King, foreseeing the evil which would arise when he no more should guide the State, had advised her to retain those ministers whom he had placed in council in her service; to suffer no foreigners to interfere in

the affairs of the administration, and to prevent the increase of Jesuits in the kingdom. Marie, however, instead of regarding these instructions as worthy of the least attention, replaced the discarded ministers by emissaries of the Pope; men who were suspected as accomplices in the King's assassination, but who were, nevertheless, loaded with favors. The Jesuits, who triumphed in the increase of their power, endeavored to create new wars on account of their religion, and the State was agitated by the troubles thus renewed with the discontented Huguenots, to whom Marie de Medicis was obliged, in 1614, to accord the treaty of St. Menesould.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

THE roses down the garden walks
Are flushed with royal bloom,
And stately lilies fill the air
With breath of rare perfume.

The orchards on the sunny slopes
Stand deep in wavy grass,
And lightly o'er the clover-fields
The southern breezes pass.

O Summer days! O Summer bloom!
O sunshine, come at last!
The land is full of joyful song
To know that wars are past;

To see the banners borne again
Along the homeward track,
And know that after weary years
Our boys are coming back.

Joy for the happy hearts that thrill,
The well-beloved to greet;
But woe for those that sadly wait
For unreturning feet!

For lips must take with wailing back
That sent with blessing forth;
And say at once, "Ah, happy land!
Ah, lonely, silent hearth!"

O mother country! dearly loved,
We count our treasures lost,
And deem thy glory cheaply won
In spite of cruel cost.

White wings of peace above our homes
Are brooding, still and calm;
And dews of comfort on our hearts
Drop down their healing balm.

And through our grief, divinely sweet,
We hear the voice that cries,
"The night of weeping soon shall pass,
And joy's glad morning rise."

Thy will be done, O blessed Lord!
Through paths of keenest pain,
Teach thou our souls to walk with thee,
And count our losses gain.

OUR MOUNTAINS OF TRANSFIGURATION.

BY AUGUSTA M. HUBBARD.

AS in religious reverie we look earnestly into the hazy past, there comes before our vision the Galilean Teacher, walking through the cities and the plains of Palestine among his disciples, upon his sad, strange, earthly mission. These chosen twelve have been for some time following him, led by his holy fascination. And yet mixed with their loving confidence in him, as their Redeemer, were painful wonderings, almost doubts. For what a strange mien for a victorious Shiloh! And how, by this life of mild mercy, will the power of Judah be restored? Now their last hope of a conquering Savior, who should lift their nation from foreign thralldom, is broken, for Jesus has just informed them that at Jerusalem he "must suffer many things of the elders and chief priests, and scribes, and be *killed*." He only who has known what it is to have a great hope die in his own heart can feel the agony of those questionings with which even they began to doubt if this be indeed the very Christ. But three of them follow with trembling faith as Jesus now leads them into a mountain apart to pray. They had seen before the human part of that strange, incomprehensible mingling of humanity and divinity which was to them, as still to us, a dark mystery. To-day their doubts shall flee away, and they shall see his divinity clearly. They had felt his human nature in the dear sympathy which he daily gave them in all their weariness and petty vexations, and in that rich, human love which bade him weep with the mourning sisters. They recognized it as they saw his feet blistered by his chafing sandals—as he walked wearily, though cheerfully, over the hills and plains of Palestine. They saw it in those hours of darkness, when his divinity seemed eclipsed by his humanity, and when, weakly human, and not as God talking with God, he prayed long nights to his Father. They saw it, too, in that dreadful temptation when there seemed taken from him for our sakes the full consciousness of his sonship—that he might be "in all points tempted like as we are." But to-day upon that lonely mountain where he had gone to pray, the human was lost in the divine, and the disciples saw in the Jesus they followed no longer a brother's face. Transfigured, he stood before them the very Son of God. In the glistening raiment, in the radiant presence of the dead talking with them, in the voice which fell from the cloud into which they entered, earth was forgotten by the wondering

disciples. Heaven seemed come down to them. No wonder they felt it was good to be there and begged that tabernacles might win their, heavenly guests to a constant abode with them.

Can not there be in *our* lives some such mountains of transfiguration, not like it, indeed, but similar? When we go out from the crowded, noisy world into the silent sanctuary of the Mountains of Solitude apart to pray, may not sometimes the spiritual conquer and throw off the influence of the coarse, physical cloak which shuts us in so closely and so darkly? May we not, then, almost see and talk with the glorious dead? May not the transitory conditions of earthly life be then forgotten in the truer realities, the more permanent relations of another existence? And from out that merciful cloud, which then screens us from the full glory of our Father's presence, shall not a loving voice fall, "This is my beloved son?" Every Christian believes so. And in these moments of inspiration and of revelation, do we not always pray like ardent Peter, that in so good a place permanent tabernacles may win the constant presence of this holy visitation?

But such hours do not come often, for we do not often go out from the deep, dark valleys of earth, with their ceaseless business sounds, their market-places, their dry, dusty paths, and their mercenary wrangling, up on to the lonely, sacred mountains of life where God meets us most gloriously. We do not try to throw off the dust of a worldly life in those places *apart*, amid whose pure fragrance, and dewy, untainted beauty, the spirit of Liberty makes her holy home; where, too, God's presence is most sensible.

It is the stupid grossness which fails to perceive the presence of God in our very midst, which, more than any thing else, prevents us from coming often upon the delectable mountains of life. For why should we come when we do not trust that God will meet us there? We regard his "still small voice" as the fancies of our own hearts. Through whatever symbols he may make known his presence we insist upon referring them to some immutable and general laws of nature of indefinite application, and fail to understand their precious, hidden meaning for our own hearts. How often, hour after hour, has an unheeded, overshadowing Presence been by us, with its strange, gladdening influence, and we have called it physical exhilaration! The various conditions of circumstance by which God leads us we call accident, or destiny. We will not see even the plainest manifestations of his presence. We would have explained into some natural phe-

nomena even the light before the mercy-seat, and the cloud and pillar of fire that led Israel.

Even when our wavering, unsettled faith in the possibility of appreciable communion with God becomes strong enough to break the chains of worldly fascination and lead us at all apart to pray upon the mountains, we timidly go upon the hill-side simply, keeping ever the world in sight. We dare not entirely forget it upon the summit in such earnest communion that it becomes to us indeed a mountain of transfiguration, where we are changed by the near presence of Divinity into a more spiritual existence, all there is divine within us rising in majesty to meet the divinity of heaven.

Another reason why we do not oftener go where the spiritual within us may hold complete mastery, is that our hearts are not in an attentive attitude to be drawn by sacred influences, because they are so full of the din and confusion of the world that the "still, small voice" can not be heard, leading us upon the holy mountains.

But now our spiritual vision—our faith—clear enough to recognize the presence of God plainly, and thus to draw us apart into a sacred isolation, were we not so carelessly indifferent whether there be a God or not, that we do not earnestly seek 'him—then we might be able to look back upon our life-journey and find many places which we might dignify as "our mountains of transfiguration." In such places for the time, the "spark of divinity" within has burned up the dross of coarser nature, and left us such a spiritual sight that life was no more a crazy dream, or a dark, overclouded journey, but distinctly intelligible with its beautiful and sublime meanings. In these places eternity and God are no fictions, but fearful, while blessed realities. Here the loving presence of our Heavenly Father gives us a distinct recognition of our glorious paternity as he talks with us. And looking from the clear radiance of those bright mountains of visions, the little winding-path our feet must tread grows distinct to us. Here God often breathes into our hearts a prophecy of the future, and when we obey these heavenly visions, our path leads through splendid victories and glorious achievements.

But these mountains are always *apart* from the world. And though we need their holy refreshment we can not build tabernacles and remain there. This transfigured character must come down again from its splendid height into the dark, dusty places it has left, to be to the infidel world a proof of the glorious possibility of spiritual excellence—of the soul's triumphing over the mean selfishness of our na-

ture—a proof of the reality of divine communion and its glorious power of transformation. For not only was the transfiguration given to Jesus as a reassurance of his sonship, just before the darkness of Gethsemane, but also to the trembling, doubting disciples, who only timidly, half-trustingly believed that God could indeed dwell among men.

And if, just after the illuminated mountains comes the wilderness of temptation, or even the Mount of Calvary, we must, with clinging confidence, trust, though in the darkness, in the glorious revelations of our previous moments of inspiration, and though beneath the clouds rely upon the unseen Father who, we have been taught before, is a universal presence. And thus while we are working among the dust and cinders of the world, we may carry in our hearts a confident trust in the reality of those visions and revelations given us upon the Mt. Tabors of our existence.

A STORY OF A ROBIN.

BY HARRIET M. DEAN.

A ROBIN moans in wild distress,
For lo, the cruel flames
From house to tree have mounted high—
O, robin, vainly do you cry!
In vain your wild desire!
The darling nestlings that you prize
Are still unfledged and can not rise
From out the cruel fire.

O, mother-bird, what tenderness!
What moanings of despair!
As to and fro you wildly go,
Cleaving the Summer air.
Backward and forward—back at last—
You seek the fated nest,
As if a more than human love
Inspired your little breast,
While lovingly you settle down
To perish with the rest.

A calmness—'t is the calm of death—
Has hushed those eager cries;
'T is more than flame that upward mounts—
'T is incense to the skies!
The Eye that notes the sparrow's fall
Sees how the robin dies!

And men who've wandered to and fro,
Jostled in life's commotion,
May something from the robin learn
Of holy, high devotion.

And as God's humbler instruments
Are those men often need,
Who knows but that some truant heart
A little bird may lead,
And rouse it from its selfishness
To nobler thought and deed!

THE PLEDGE AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

BY HELEN F. MORE.

TWILIGHT was falling on the old town of Dantzic, and lights were gleaming out in window after window amid the gathering darkness, as an old sailor and a slender, bright-eyed boy walked quickly hand in hand along the street. As they passed a gray old church through the open doors a flood of melody gushed out upon the air, and the boy stood as if transfixed, heedless of the hand which impatiently strove to draw him onward. Listening to the solemn, pathetic chant, "O, Lamb of God, which takest away the sins of the world, grant us thy peace!" a torrent of thoughts rushed into his mind—thoughts of the hard, dreary life he was leaving, of cravings denied, of longings unsatisfied, of ceaseless, irksome toil beneath which the body wearied and the mind chafed—thoughts of the life of freedom to which, with a boy's eagerness, he had looked forward, seeing only its poetry. Peace, was it not that for which he longed? But if this peace be indeed the gift of that Lamb of God who bowed so meekly before the decrees of his Father, was this the way to find it—in forsaking the path in which God had placed him, and taking his fate in his own hands? And as his mind became clearer, and the thoughts of his duties settled themselves more firmly, he withdrew his hand from that of the old sailor, and announced his resolve of returning to that life of duty which that morning had appeared so intolerable, and from which, even now, his flesh shrank, though his spirit bowed to the will of God. So he went back to the old wearisome routine, and in his father's shop still curled perukes and powdered wigs, till God's own hand opened the way to that higher life for which he had vainly panted.

The boy was John Falk, and his father was a shrewd, prosperous, money-getting man, with no sympathy for the dreams and aspirations of his son, no comprehension of his longings and struggles. When the boy rebelled, or when he neglected his duty, he must be reduced to obedience, and Solomon's maxim was not yet forgotten. The boy was provoking, that is certain, dreamy and forgetful, neglecting his work to wander off to the seashore and stand for hours watching the heaving waters, dotted with white sails and whiter sea-gulls. No wonder the father was provoked, and the gentle mother, while longing to satisfy her boy's craving for books and study, found her wishes vain. Once, indeed, he tasted an interval of rest. He broke

his leg, and during the weeks of his confinement he was plentifully supplied with books, which he devoured during his enforced leisure. But this interval only made his life seem more dreary from the contrast.

But a change came for him at last. When he was sixteen his father yielded a reluctant consent to his going to an English teacher twice a week, provided the time thus wasted should be made up by work at extra hours. John gladly consented to the terms, and in spite of the difficulties thrown in his way in restricted opportunities, the lack of books, and the contempt and ridicule of his fellow-pupils for the barber's son, he carried off the prize. The pastor heard of the boy's success, and pleaded with his father till he obtained his promise to send John to the high-school. Here he was not long before he reached the highest place, and soon it was seen that he had learned all that there was to be learned at the school. The burghers, whose pride and interest in this lad of their town had been excited, resolved to unite and send him to the University. The announcement of this intention was made to him, and the old burgher, who was the spokesman, added:

"One thing only, if a poor child should ever knock at your door, think it is we, the dead, the old gray-haired burghers and councilors of Dantzic, and do not turn him away."

Falk promised with tearful eyes. How that promise was kept after years will show.

He entered at the University of Halle, and while gaining renown there he found time to enter into all the theories and speculations, religious and political, of the day. While there he also published several satirical poems, which attracted the notice of Wieland, by whom he was introduced to the leading men of the day.

After finishing the course at Halle he was attracted to Weimar by the brilliant constellation of genius clustered there, and in this town he made his home. But, while acknowledging the influence of such men as Schiller, Herder, and, more especially, Goethe, he still felt that something more was wanted. Vague theories, transcendentalism, mysticism, rationalism, were not sufficient to satisfy the cravings of this noble mind. A little band of evangelical men lifted up their voices against the evils of the times, and while listening to them he found that peace for which he had longed before the church door in quaint old Dantzic, the "peace which passeth understanding."

Now came the time of trial and desolation for poor Germany—the French Invasion, from the effects of which she suffered for so long,

and which is still remembered with such horror by the inhabitants. Nine hundred thousand of the enemy's soldiers and five hundred thousand horses were quartered on the little duchy of Weimar for nine months. Distress and horror inconceivable followed in their wake—fire, famine, and pestilence. During this dark time Falk's courage never failed, and the poor barber's boy was raised to the rank of councilor. Day after day he spent in ministering to the wants of the people, and charging himself with the care of what little valuables they had been able to save from the universal wreck. Petitioning the French General in their behalf, he obtained a grant of a company, and placing himself at their head, scoured the country, redressing wrongs and punishing the oppressors.

Peace came at last, but it came to a desolated country and an almost despairing people. Four of Falk's six children had fallen by the pestilence, and the remembrance of his own lost ones made him look more tenderly on those little beings who had been deprived of friends and support by the cruel war. Now the remembrance of the charge given him by the burgomaster in the town-hall at Dantzic recurred to his mind, and he felt that the time to redeem his pledge had come.

His own resources soon failed under the drain upon them, and he was obliged to appeal to the public for aid. He gathered in the children from the way-sides and hedges. "God," he said, "has taken my four angels and left me to be a father to you."

Not only were the orphans his care—his loving interest extended to the lowest, and his Reformatory was established for those who, while yet young in years, were old in vice. "Love overcometh," was the motto which was continually on his lips, and most perfectly exemplified in his life. We can well imagine how the refined rationalist of that day looked upon his plans for elevating this class—not so much by a liberal education as by Christian instruction and example.

"What in all the world," he said once in a speech before the Estates, "does it profit the State to have thieves who can write and thieves who can cipher? They are only so much the more dangerous. Ay, and what profit is it though thieves can speak Latin, and Greek, and French?"

So, while education was by no means neglected, still more attention was paid to the religious culture of the children. Their minds and consciences were educated at once, and their hearts opened to the knowledge and reception of the love of Christ. The result of his labors

silenced those who had sneered at his theories. Boys who entered in the lowest depths of degradation, stained already with crime, with "horrible cannibal-like faces and the image of the desert imprinted on their forehead," left it redeemed from their evil ways, freed from the bondage of sin, with blessings on their lips and the love of Christ in their hearts.

No bolts nor bars were allowed in this institution—no fetters and no punishment. Love was the dominant principle, the sole mode of government. "We forge all our chains on the heart, and scorn those that are laid on the body; for it is written, 'If Christ make you free you shall be free indeed.'" The love by which he governed was not merely human love, but the love of the Highest, of the God who preserves, the Savior who redeems.

His heart and life were wholly devoted to his work. "God has deigned to make me his instrument. He has molded me in the fire of affliction, and prepared me in the valley of tears." When public supplies failed he laid his needs before God, and he who "heareth the young ravens when they cry" never failed his servant who trusted in him. Those who have read Müller's *Life of Trust* will remember many instances of wonderful supplies of pressing wants, and many of these could be paralleled in the case of Falk. One must suffice.

In a time of great public distress and scarcity, a poor crippled boy came to Falk, entreating with tears to be taken in.

"Dear children," said the loving master, "the times are hard, but I will send none of you away; and I will take the stranger from far off in. And I tell you, and now think of it, blessing will flow richly in upon our house; and God who has led Ludwig Minner over the Thuringian Forest in snow and rain, has not led him in vain to us, and he will provide not only for him, but for us all."

When the good man spoke these brave words he knew not where to find bread for the children already under his care; but before the week was past Minner was apprenticed to a tailor, and a donation of five hundred crowns from the Prince of Rudolstadt had put them out of fear of want.

At the very time that his daughter Angelica—his last child—died, he was informed that his Reformatory had been sold, and that he must leave. The only house to be found which would suit his purpose at all was an old ruined palace in Luther's Lane. This he bought, trusting in God for the means of paying for it, and his trust was not disappointed. He determined that it should be repaired by the boys them-

selves, that "every tile on the roof, every nail in the wall, every lock on the door, every chair and table in the room should be a witness to the industry of Falk's children," and this was literally accomplished. The blessing which he pronounced upon the house was characteristic.

"So long as this house will receive poor children within its walls, so long will the blessing of God abide on it and them that dwell therein; but if, forgetting mercy, it shall close its door against poor children, the blessing of God will depart from it."

One anecdote may be familiar to many readers, but for its simple beauty we will record it, hoping that it may fall freshly on some ear.

One evening at supper it was the turn of one of the boys to pronounce a blessing upon the food.

"Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless that which thou hast provided."

"Do tell me," said another boy, "why the Lord Jesus never comes? We ask him every day, but he does not come."

"Dear little one," said the father, "only believe and you may be sure he will come, for he does not despise our invitation."

"I shall set a chair for him," said the boy, and at the same instant a knock was heard at the door. It was opened, and without there stood a ragged, half-starved apprentice.

"I suppose," said the boy who had asked the question, "that Jesus could not come himself, and so he sent this poor man."

"Yes, dear child, that is it. Every piece of bread and every drink of water that we give to the poor, or the sick, or prisoners, for Jesus' sake, we give to him. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

The Reformatory, though it is the work by which Falk is best known, was not the only one which he accomplished. One of the plans which he carried out was the formation of a society called Friends in Need, the object of which was the relief of the peasants who had been deprived of their little property by the war. From this resulted the work of the Inner Mission, so well known in our day.

Another of his plans was one for the cessation of beggary by providing for the begging children. Another was an institution for training teachers for the young.

But his work was nearly ended. John Falk, the barber's boy, student, satirist, poet, counselor, philanthropist, was still to experience his last promotion, and pass into the ranks of "the just made perfect." He was seized with illness, and for six weeks he lay in agony, through

which his soul shone forth bright and triumphant, and with the broken words, "God—popular—faith—short—Christ—end," his soul went home to that Master whom, while on earth, he had so faithfully served. He died in 1826, at the age of fifty-eight. His tomb bears the following lines of his own composition:

"Underneath this linden-tree
Lies John Falk—a sinner he—
Saved by Christ's blood and mercy.

Born upon the East Sea strand,
Yet he left home, friends, and land,
Led to Weimar by God's hand.

When the little children around,
Stand beside this grassy mound,
Asking, 'who lies underground?'

Heavenly Father, let them say,
Thou hast taken him away;
In this grave is only clay."

HOME TALKS AND ESSAYS.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

NUMBER VII.

GETTING RICH.

A FRESHET of anxieties had inundated Lakeside. Domestic troubles go in troops, I believe. Let Tommie *almost* sever an artery, in an awkward dash at his great toe, while hacking about with his new ax, and straightway it will be found, in the panic, that Ned, in an adventurous attempt at bestriding the ridgepole of the hen-house, has tumbled off, and all but broken his head. Forthwith, baby toddles away through sundry gates left open in the excitement, and is cooing and crowing about the feet of colts and cows, not supposed to understand precisely the frailty and preciousness of the strange, fumbling, little animal. Then, let the feminine atlas upon whose shoulder rocks this tumultuous world of care, glance toward the front gate, and behold! O, misery! a carriage and company!

The mail boy had brought Mrs. Morland two letters that sultry morning. One from Mrs. Susan Spencer, the stylish city sister; "tired to death of Newport and Saratoga—would start for Lakeside on the morning train—expect them to meet her at the depot," etc.

"Why couldn't she write how many children, and nurses, and city friends she intends to bring with her?" exclaims Miss Fannie, with a touch of the inhospitable in her voice.

The other letter was from Mrs. Wayne, Mrs. Morland's sister, a wealthy widow, Aunt Sue's opposite in every thing.

"Ralph insists that I shall go with him to Italy," she wrote. "I suppose you have heard of his appointment. We shall sail in a month or so, and I must see all first, else I would postpone my visit awhile, for I know what busy times harvest makes."

Mrs. Morland paused a moment to study "the situation," the little wrinkles of care creeping up over her face, to brush away its radiance. "If we could only have kept Rachel till this was over," musingly.

"Just precisely the way with boys," scolded Fannie. "Now that little bother of a Dick must get hurt with the reaper, just when, of all times, we could least spare Rachel to go home and take care of him."

"Poor Dickie!" mused Mary, the thought of the unfortunate urchin shut up with his mangled limb quite eclipsing the trouble of a house full of company in harvest, and no help. "I must take him some of our old story books. You can spare him some of those lemons, can't you, mother? This hot weather!"

"Yes, Mary, I'll warrant!" interrupted Fannie. "The question before the house is n't Dick Dean's comfort, but how 'll we dispose of this duet of aunties? Now, nothing's ever nice enough for Aunt Sue, and if Arabella comes with her, she'll vote herself an injured individual if we don't keep up a regular rush of boat excursions and picnics for her special delectation."

"Pshaw! Fannie, Bell is n't quite so unreasonable as you make out. No matter if she were, though, we'd do what we could for her pleasure, and not worry ourselves farther. Don't you think, mother, Aunt Grace ought to have the north-east chamber? She'll enjoy those pretty lake views so much, and then it's always so cool out on that little upper veranda."

"Mary's speaking one word for Aunt Grace, and two for herself, don't you see, mother? You know they'll have to be closeted from morning till night, with their perpetual benevolence schemes, or ransacking the country to find some poor body to buy a sewing-machine for, or some other quixotic freak. When their two heads are together there's no help at the dish-washing or dusting. Too ideal for these times, altogether so."

"And yet," broke in Harry, who had made his appearance during this oration, "they'll beat a certain ferocious little damsel that I wot of, ten to one, at good solid work."

By way of emphasizing this teasing speech, a dextrous twitch of net and comb sent her light hair, with its merry waves, whisking about her face. While she was attempting a revenge

in her wee, sputtering wrath, Mrs. Morland turned her attention again to the letter.

"Ralph has just been in," it read, "and has declared his intention of going with me to Lakeside. You must not let our coming make too much trouble. We intend to shut up the house. I proposed to Ralph to take Martha, our best girl, with us, but he insists if we make such a raid upon you in harvest time, we shall take them both. I can easily send Kate back if she is in the way. In haste,

"Yours, etc., GRACE WAYNE."

"Well, well," cried Fannie, pausing in her ineffectual dashes at Harry's whiskers, "it will be a raid, sure enough. Ralph Wayne has n't been here since—I can't tell the time when. Is n't it queer how much he thinks of Aunt Grace, only his step-mother, and he such a great, energetic, thorough-going fellow?"

"Not a bit of it!" exclaimed Harry. "He'd be a born Patagonian if he didn't think the world of her."

"Being rich has n't spoiled her," said Mary, thinking of her essay.

"She does n't look upon herself as rich," remarked the mother, "only a stewardess; and she has brought Ralph up to think just as she does about these things."

"Now, if Aunt Sue only brings Arabella, with her mincing city airs," laughed Fannie, "what a splendid flirtation they might get up! She'd attack the redoubtable Squire Wayne the first hour, and with success, I'll warrant."

"Fannie!"

"There, mother, don't scold me, please. Indeed, I'll not say another hateful thing to-day."

The days bustled by, jostling themselves into their usual quiet orderliness. Aunt Sue and Miss Arabella bored themselves and every body else with their incessant fidgeting after something to interest them. Aunt Grace brought a world of cheeriness with her. As Fannie prophesied, the "north-east chamber," with its coolness, and quiet, and fresh flowers, was the scene of numberless little confidences. Plans were wrought out here for the good of others—schemes enough to keep Mary busy the rest of the Summer. She and her aunt were near akin in soul. Then, manuscripts must be read and discussed, and somehow Mr. Ralph—in spite of Miss Arabella's splendid toilets, operatic hallooings at the harp, and thunderous attacks upon the piano—found himself ensconced in this outer court of the confidences; and before the parties concerned were really aware, he was bringing his rare culture and clear, incisive thinking, to the help of the timid young writer. As we may be a trifle interested, we will seat

ourselves within earshot, this quiet evening, while the great round harvest moon is peeping over the Eastern hills for a good-night look at the setting sun, and listen, with Mrs. Wayne and Ralph, to what we have not already heard of Mary's Essay on

GETTING RICH.

"Want is universal. Men mistake their own needs, and turn this mighty soul-impulse toward money-getting. Most of our harvests of ill are from early sowing. Children's minds are empty fields, open to the scattering of wheat or tears.

"The child feels the want within. His eager clutch grasps after this and that. Parents, too thoughtless, too indolent, or too intent on gain, to be intrusted with the shaping of a ceaseless life, dam up his impetuous desire with a legal barrier. 'Can't have it.' 'T is n't yours.' 'Is n't mine?' Ah, the property law has crossed his path! 'Mine.' Don't you see that little pronoun becomes an embodiment of gratification? Not mine—a barrier to pleasure: hence to possess is to be happy. An error in the formula, away back in the beginning. I hope you see it. Then the tin 'savings-box,' to hoard pennies in. To buy comforts for the sick child back in the alley? Bread for the poor? Bibles for the heathen? O! no. To learn to be saving. 'To see how much he can get.' You want to teach your child to get money. Perhaps he needs the lesson, though I think the world will wear it into him soon enough. Quite possibly, as a birth-gift, he has received too strong a tendency in that direction. Ninety-nine people of a hundred do, I know. Mother, would you look upon the ripened fruit of your reckless sowing? See yourself, thirty years hence, infirm, alone, old. Your son will not starve you in a garret. He is too proud for that—too humane, possibly—but not too humane to starve you in a corner of his mansion. He is rich now. The soil of his heart is tramped down, trodden hard by the ceaseless round of bargains, sales, moneyed schemes. They have absorbed and narrowed his real heart-life, till he has never a word of cheer or tenderness for you. He buys you rich clothing, costly comforts, but he fails to bring the cup of cold water your outworn life so sorely needs. He has grown self-centered and sordid through greed of gain. God help mothers understand this! Let children be taught that to be happy does not mean to gratify every appetite, like a young beast, or to strut about in showy plumage like a peacock, but to do good, to conquer self, to make others happy. Children can learn these

lessons. I have seen the experiment successfully wrought.

"O! yes," sighs an overtaken mother, 'it is easy enough to toss off fine theories from a pen's point, but just step into my place once,' with a nod more expressive than words. I know 'mother' is a synonym for 'sacrifice.' I know there are mothers who, from overwork, ill health, and brutish neglect, find life

'A weary load,

A long, a rough, a dreary road.'

"But my exhortation is leveled upon the mass of mothers who might do better if they would—those who make eating, drinking, and appearing well, 'the chief end of man.' Better, a thousand times, leave the 'braiding' off the dress, and put the love into the heart. When your boy is grown he'll not be one whit less a man for having worn 'panties' made with a plain hem, minus ruffles, tatting, and embroidery. He will be infinitely nobler if you spend the time carefully culturing the germs of thought, and the tender growth of unselfish love.

"Another harmful cultivator of this general determination to be rich is the light literature of the day. I now think of but one fictionist who ignores the universal fashion of topping off with a fortune as the climax of all good—the authoress of the Schönberg-Cotta Family Chronicles. The old trick of the chrysalis page, or artist, suddenly bursting into a grand duke or prince, is worn out, but the principle holds good. Hero and heroine must marry and be rich. Moral: success is wealth; wealth is happiness. Practical lesson: young man, get rich; honorably, if you can, but at all events, get rich. Young lady, fit yourself for a first-class niche in the matrimonial market, and, if possible, marry a fortune.

"The say of society goes to strengthen this false order of things. Two friends meet. One asks the other about a mutual acquaintance. 'How is he getting along?' These are sensible men. The question must refer to that growth and culture of mind, avowedly of prime importance. No, not so. They are Christians. The question must look in the direction of the man's spiritual interests. No, no, nothing of the kind. Every body understands it to mean, 'How much money does he earn? How good style does he live in?' 'O, he is doing splendidly!' How? Working out a plan to elevate the race? 'Turning many to righteousness?' Growing in God's good will? No, indeed. Little cares he for such things. He has succeeded, by hook and by crook, in getting a good fat office, or has made a fine army speculation. 'Doing splendidly,' in

every-day Saxon, means *getting rich*. The notions of society are miasmatic. Unless you carry constantly a powerful disinfectant, you will inhale them, and be hurt by them. Few people take the trouble to do this. So everybody tries to get rich. This little adjective has as many meanings as there are souls in the collective 'everybody.' It may bear the idea of a red flannel shirt and a string of glass beads, or that of a diamond set worth a small kingdom. It may mean a big potato patch and an immeasurable supply of whisky, or it may stand for an additional empire or two. Everybody thinks, plans, works, struggles to get rich. Some fling society's ban in her face, and take to the high seas, though the anathema of God and men shall follow them, and the prospect of being launched into perdition at a rope's end, stands ever before them as a finis. Others glide behind counters, putting beans into coffee, and water into molasses, more cowardly, no more honest, determined at all hazards to get rich. Some wait for gold to drop from dead hands, others plod on, year by year, to get rich by patient work.

"Perhaps, my friend, you flatter yourself that you are not included in this 'everybody.' You do n't care to be rich. Possibly not, according to the aspirations of miserly A., Epicurean B., or dashing young C. But, unless I am greatly mistaken, your face is set as a flint toward a point on your chart, marked something that may safely be rendered 'rich.' Probably you are saying to yourself, 'Now, this sacrifice, this strain of nerve, and will, and muscle, and then, such a luxury, such style, and by and by'—here is a chaos of the odds and ends of desirable things that may easily be catalogued 'rich.'

"But of all the racers how few reach the goal! By a record of the business men upon the Long Wharf of Boston, every one of whom probably expected to become a merchant prince in forty years, ninety-five out of every hundred failed or died insolvent. Look into the faces of old men who have wrestled stoutly to wrench from the world a fortune. See the ridges of care, the furrows of pain, the tense, sharp lines, etched by disappointment! Of all the calen-tures that lure to an ocean grave, of all the *ignes fatui* that dance over death mires, this desire for gain is the most fatal. Not alone the body perishes in the ruin it works. Too often the wreck goes down into the maelstrom freighted with an immortality!

"What a wretched mistake it is that to be rich is to be happy! If they that trudge on Toil's treadmill, that slip ever on Fortune's icy

stairs are to be pitied, I think those who succeed in climbing so as to be written 'rich,' are not to be envied. Passing the class represented by the miserable millionaire, who spends his time studying statutes, his mind ever in a foment because his tenants and employés will cheat him, let us look at the 'loss and gain' of more sensible rich people. What a host of harpies hover around them! Cares and cheats, flatterers with their threadbare fawnings, fashion with its despicable tyrannies! And, after all, palatial surroundings, when one gets used to them, are no better than the simple appointments of a cottage. True, these people are exempt from physical labor, but this, perhaps, is the heaviest link in the galling chain.

'God says, Sweat

For foreheads; men say, Crowns. . . .

God, in cursing, gives us better gifts

Than men in benediction.'

"If you could see the skeletons at rich men's feasts, if you could uncap their secret rooms and look in upon the inconstancies, the envies, the jealousies, I think you would amen Agur's prayer, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches.' The god of this world blinds men with his money glamor, and they do not see these things. Now and then a suicide or poisoning flings a terrible chapter upon canvas. Men stare aghast a moment, sigh out a moral reflection, and rush on, determined, if possible, to run the risk of riches. Paul wrote, 'They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition.' But you say there are as many good Christians among the rich as among the poor—a statement hard to refute by statistics, on account of the difficulty of finding a measuring rod for piety. But look at the matter. If you are rich you have it in your power to bestow favors upon those below you in the monetary scale. Now, a man naturally makes his best bow, and puts on his blandest smile in the presence of one who can help him. It isn't you he respects, it is the power your money gives you. Let a tilt of Dame Fortune's wheel empty your coffers, and away goes your importance. But you, being subjected to this sycophancy year by year, lose sight of this fact, fancy yourself possessed of some inherent greatness, entitling you to all this attention. Of course, that coarsely-dressed mechanic is 'just as good as you are'—your theories keep their tone—but then you accept it as the most natural thing in the world, that he shall make his way into a crowd, met only by an indifferent stare, while your *entrée* shall create a general rustle—every body most ob-

sequiously anxious that you shall have the best possible opportunity of seeing and hearing. Thus your egoism becomes chronic. Egoism and Christianity are antagonisms. Christ's vision cut down through these tangled relations of things, and he said, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!'

"A universal human impulse is a hint of God's purpose. We are made to acquire. Thus all things grow. When God makes a tree, he sets its life pumps at work; it reaches out its roots to draw in the strength of the soil; it stretches forth its arms to clasp the sunshine; it spreads its palms to catch the rain—its leaves to breathe the vitalizing air; it cries ever, 'Give, give!' So of the animal world. So of men. If they cease to reach after, to draw in, to take from the outer, they die. God means we shall get rich. But how? The whole thing hinges upon his definition of the term. Let us look into his vocabulary. Does he mean us to give prime attention to physical needs? To care only for the development of brawn and bone?—the culture of the animal? People who do this are savages. To be sure, we must care somewhat for our bodies. Unhoused spirits are of but little account in this world, people who tip tables to the contrary notwithstanding. But it can not be God's plan for us to live only to develop and enrich that which will be dust again so soon.

"Races who have raised their thought to the lower mental faculties, feeding the voluptuous, the sensuous, the æsthetic, have their record in broken marbles and ruined tombs. I think God's ideal of a man is one with a healthful body, well-adjusted appetites and tastes, and rich in mind and soul.

"We come into the world in utter mental poverty, but with capacity for limitless acquirement.

'My mind to me a kingdom is,'

but, at first, I have only as much of it as I can stand upon. My territory is to be won by conquest. Every new mental victory adds to my royalty. It is the man of wide, far-reaching thought that is rich, not he of the broad acres.

"Mind is the reception-room, the vestibule of the spirit sanctuary. He who has this entrance-hall of Divine thought in repair and in order, though he live in a hut, is richer than the empty-skulled voluptuary of the palace.

"The grand thought of a right life is to enrich the soul. This is the meaning of the great want. God's voice has gone forth, 'Enrich the soul!' Reach after his truth; take in his thoughts; feed upon them; they are the spirit's

true aliment. Those who do this are rich, whether they lie at the gate in rags, or endure the poor pomp of a throne.

"When dawns the day of God, how society's maudlin distinctions, so potent, even while acknowledged false, will be rent and flung to the winds! Then, many of the rich in this world's reckoning will find themselves, as they do now upon death-beds, poor, O, so miserably poor! while others, despised, poverty-stricken, will be found to be kings and priests, 'heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus Christ.' 'For God hath chosen the poor of this world rich in faith.'

"I sat, not long since, in a plain little room, where one of Christ's saints was waiting for the chariot to take her home—a destitute, lone, old woman. Her dress was coarse and quaint. No strong hands now to provide nice material; no deft fingers to lay the folds tastefully; wrinkled, bent, dim-eyed, trembling; a wreck, one might say, stranded on the beach, forgotten, useless. No, no. I thought, as I sat at her feet and listened to her beautiful, broken sentences, how rich! how rich! I could almost hear the rustle of the wings of angels encamped about her. I breathed a little prayer that I might grow rich like her, rich in holy memories, rich in ripe experiences, rich in treasure laid up in heaven, rich in Christ forever."

MY NEED MY ONLY CLAIM.

BY MRS. SARAH F. HERBERT.

A DAY of anguish, grief, and fear—

My husband far away!

They ask, "What shall we telegraph?

Tell us what word to say."

"*I need thee*," whispered my pale lips;

"Say but these words alone;

On swiftest wings of loving haste,

My need will bring him home."

A day of anguish, grief, and fear—

My Savior far away!

"What prayer, what message for the throne?"

The guardian angels say.

"Dare not to pray," the tempter cried,

"God knows thy heart of sin,

And sees, nor love, nor hope, nor faith,

Nor penitence within."

I cried—my heart with anguish rent—

My cold, hard heart of stone—

"*I need thee, Lord!*" The angels bore

My message to the throne.

On swiftest wings of joyful haste,

My God, my Savior came,

Infolding me with deathless love;

My need my only claim!

MELPOMENE.

BY ELIZABETH S. MARTIN.

THAT a theme is hackneyed and time-worn constitutes no argument against its respectability—all themes are so in fact—but on the contrary its very antiquity entitles the subject to a certain degree of veneration and patient thought.

We are not about to enter the arena of moral discussion and turn Nemesis in our denunciations against, nor an easy tyro in sustaining any species of pleasure, considered merely as such; but desire simply to glance at the two bitterly-contested branches of the drama, as found in modern theaters and the opera—these being the duo in amusements that stand perhaps more prominently before the public in our own country at the present time than any others.

As it regards the first, over which Melpomene stands as presiding deity, we have little—nothing, indeed, to bring forward that is favorable; nor are we called upon to decide whether or no the theater be entirely detrimental to the morals of a community, or if under certain modifying improvements it might not prove a beneficent institution. The subject has been well analyzed in an elaborate article published some time since in this magazine, and brought still more conspicuously before the public very recently as one result of a faithful pastorate, united to the impressive charm of pulpit eloquence.

The past and present history of the world lies before our eyes, and on its pages are written the early attempts and signal failure of Sophocles and Æschylus to purify the taste of an age, fast and vitiated as our own—the philosophic reign of Plato and Xenophon is there portrayed also, and we hear them pronouncing this anathema, "The theater is a corrupter of any nation." Step by step we are carried through the passing ages, till we have reached the priesthood of Dr. Milner; and in all that long journey we find few dissenting voices among the great and good as to the lewdness of ordinary theatricals.

Milner says, "A Christian renouncing the pomps and vanities of this wicked world and yet frequenting play-houses, was, with the Christians of the three first centuries, a solecism." The leader of our own sect, John Wesley, declares "an English theater to be the sink of all profaneness and debauchery," which opinion, even were it not sustained by other high authority, should be to Methodists at least all powerful!

That its influence is generally evil can not be denied, and as it exists in our day is rather a disgrace than benefit.

The very fact of so great advance having been made in every other department of literature among educated nations, yet leaving the drama far below the standard to which it had attained a hundred years ago, is positive proof of its downward tendency. Indeed, it has at present no positive literature, and whatever genius Bourcicault and other modern playwrights may possess, they devote themselves solely to amuse a low order of brain.

The writer can speak with small personal experience of the effect produced upon a devotee of Thalia, having rarely entered the precincts of her domain; yet as dwelling under the very shadow of these temples of art, and in most intimate association with persons whose propensities for such recreation are open and avowed, she can not be ignorant of their limited or general influence. As exhibited in various statistics of physicians, who profess no aversion to other jubilant pleasures of the world, as also in reports of clergymen, who have been called to the sick and dying of this profession, we can cull no good omen.

Even eulogies pronounced by its advocates on the drama appear to us but painted sophisms—a false gilding that covers up repulsive deformity.

We consider the late attempts of Mrs. Cora Mowatt Ritchie to detail with pathetic diction the virtues in private life of many connected with the stage, as among the most scorching strictures upon its average morality. The suffering to which a pure, sensitive, tender imagination is subjected by such an ordeal—the insult, the coarse jest, the tawdry artificiality, the cruel exposures that end in early death, not only of the gross and licentious, but of the pure and undefiled, whom circumstances have placed in such positions, are indeed a startling exposure of the true state of this profligate mass.

The published experience of William B. Wood, actor, agent, and manager of the Philadelphia theaters for a term of forty years, gives us an insight "behind the scenes." Thus reads his journal: "How different is a theater from our preconceived notions of one! I like it; its profession is mine from deliberate choice, and yet how much there is of the violence of envy, jealousy, and the pangs of disappointed hope and ambition! Am I, then, doomed to pass my life, short as it promises to be, in this strange, mimic world? No one do I see of either sex even *moderately* contented, much less happy.

The greater proportion, particularly the comic department, are positively miserable. I am sick at heart, but will still hope to find a calmer sphere of action."

It is impossible to read the works of Charles Dickens, himself an amateur performer in private theatricals, without our eyes filling with tears, and our hearts aching in sorrow over the lost ones who belong to the stage. We must be permitted to quote an incident from one story alone—and that his most humorous volume—which is, indeed, replete with fearful pathos and unmistakable warning to those enamored of the stage:

"About this time I had a short engagement at one of the theaters on the sunny side of the water, and here I saw this man of whom I had lost sight for some time. I was dressed to leave the house, and was crossing the stage on my way out, when he tapped me on the shoulder. Never shall I forget the repulsive sight that met my eye when I turned round. He was dressed for the pantomime in all the absurdity of a clown's costume. The spectral figures in the Dance of Death, the most frightful shapes that the ablest painter ever portrayed on canvas, never presented an appearance half so ghastly.

"His bloated body and shrunken legs, their deformity enhanced a hundred-fold by the fantastic dress—the glassy eyes contrasting fearfully with the thick, white paint with which his face was besmeared; the grotesquely-ornamented head, trembling with paralysis, and the long, skinny hands rubbed with white chalk, gave him a hideous and unnatural appearance that defied description.

"His voice was hollow and tremulous, as he took me aside and in broken words recounted a long catalogue of sickness and privation, terminating with an urgent request for a little money.

"A few nights afterward a boy thrust a dirty scrap of paper in my hand, on which was scrawled a few words in pencil, stating that the man was dangerously ill, and begging me to see him at his lodgings after the evening's performance.

"It was late, a dark, cold night, with a chill wind, that drove the rain heavily against the windows and house-fronts when I began my search, and after no little difficulty reached the spot indicated in the note—a coal shed, with one story above it, in the back room of which lay the object of my search.

"'Mr. Hutley, John,' said his wife; 'Mr. Hutley, that you sent for to-night, you know.'

"'Ah!' said the invalid, 'Hutley, Hutley—

let me see,' and then grasping me tightly by the wrist said, 'Do n't leave me—do n't leave me, old fellow. She'll murder me; I know she will!'

"'Has he been long so?' said I, addressing the wretched-looking, weeping woman.

"'Since yesterday night,' she replied. 'John, John, do n't you know me?'

"'Do n't let her come near,' said the man with a shudder. 'Drive her away; I can't bear her near me.' Staring wildly he whispered in my ear, 'I beat her, Jem; I struck her yesterday; I have starved her and the boy, too. O, now that I am weak and helpless she'll murder me; keep her off!'

"Again we strove to soothe the delirium, but to no purpose.

"'I'll tell you what, Jem,' said the man again in a low voice, 'she does hurt me. There's something in her eyes that wakes a dreadful fear in my heart and drives me mad. All last night her large, staring eyes and pale face were close to mine. She must be an evil spirit. If she had been a woman she would have died long ago. No woman could have borne what she has.'

"From what I had heard of the medical attendant's opinion I knew there was no hope for the man: I was sitting by the side of his death-bed. I saw the wasted limbs which a few hours before had been distorted for the amusement of a boisterous gallery, writhing under the tortures of a burning fever. I heard the clown's shrill laugh blending with the low murmurings of the dying man.

"It is a touching thing to hear the mind reverting to the ordinary occupations and pursuits of health, when the body lies before you weak and helpless; but *when those occupations are of a character most strongly opposed to any thing we associate with grave and solemn ideas, the impression is infinitely more powerful!*

"The theater and public house were the chief themes of the wretched man's wandering. A short pause and he shouted out a few doggerel rhymes—the last he had learned—then he strove to draw up his withered limbs and roll about in uncouth positions. A minute's silence and he murmured the burden of some roaring song. At the close of these paroxysms he sank into what appeared to be a slumber. I too dozed, when I felt a violent clutch on my shoulder. The man had raised himself up so as to sit on the bed—a dreadful change had come over his face, but consciousness had returned, for he evidently knew me. He grasped me again convulsively, struck his breast violently with the other hand, made a desperate effort to

articulate, then fell back with a stifled groan, dead—dead!"

Thus much for the collateral testimony of its enthusiastic friends.

The opponents, then, of this species of amusement are justified in boldly asserting that no habitual theater-goer can be otherwise than a loose, lax teacher of moral ethics; that he is likely to be far worse, for do not his steps take hold on death; and are there not hosts of unwary ones who follow in the paths thereof?

Leaving its tendencies, however, whether for good or ill, to more disciplined metaphysicians, we would make reference to its developments in the intellectual scale, venturing an opinion, which is adverse to the generally-adopted sentiment, that the profession requires much native talent.

We do not consider theatrical representation, even in its highest degree of perfection, a truly-elevated order of art. Indeed, it is difficult to decide in what balance of talent a purely-dramatic action ought to be weighed. It appears simply imitative; requires no original, creative power at all, and but a small amount of natural genius. A simple appreciation of what is read, a well-modulated voice, a native ease and grace of manner united to retentive memory, and good degree of self-assurance, seem to be the ingredients that constitute a fine actor; made more or less effective as the performers are true to their theme.

Rachel was more terrific than grand in her Medea, yet her highest power was simply an imitative ideal.

Charlotte Brontë says "her [Rachel] acting transfixed me with interest and thrilled me with horror. The tremendous force with which she expresses the very worst passions in their strongest essence forms an exhibition as exciting as the bull-fights of Spain and the gladiatorial combats of old Rome, and—it seemed to me—not one whit more moral than these poisoned stimulants to popular ferocity. It is scarcely human nature that she shows you—in her some fiend has certainly taken up an incarnate home. She made me shudder to the marrow of my bones, and the sight of her was terrible, as if the earth had cracked deep at your feet and revealed a glimpse of hell."

In Mrs. Siddons there was more of the woman, and although her Lady Macbeth was too highly wrought and overdrawn, she never quite lost sight of her feminine nature. The symmetry of her person was captivating. Her face was peculiarly happy, having strength of features, but so well harmonized when quiescent, and so expressive when impassioned, that

most people thought her more beautiful than she was. So great, indeed, was the flexibility of her countenance, that it caught the instantaneous transitions of passion with such variety and effect as never to fatigue the eye. So entirely was she mistress of herself, so collected and so determined in her gestures, tone, and manner, that she seldom erred like other actors, from self-depreciation. She studied her author attentively, and her acting was the result of the most refined and assiduous attention.

A gentleman, who was extremely critical in histrionic matters, remarked to the writer, some months since, "I respect Charlotte Cushman as a woman, but I oftener abhor than admire her as an actress. In the personation of her favorite characters, 'Meg Merrilies' and 'Nancy,' from *Oliver Twist*, she is too repulsively life-like to be endurable."

From each of these antecedents the inference appears clear that celebrated actors are mere copyists—and copyists according to their own standard of what the original might have been.

Not one has more perfectly fulfilled our estimate of true dramatic action in sustaining character than did Fanny Kemble Butler in her "Juliet" and "Portia;" yet she pronounces "the stage a puppet-show, with monkeys as actors, hired to chatter the thoughts of Shakespeare and Molière to a donkeyish audience!"

As we can not weigh theatrical talent in order to decide its merits, neither can a balance be struck perhaps in the moral status of those who have written plays, and others who have composed librettos.

We have, nevertheless, observed a difference in the experience of the twain when conscientious scruples have been suddenly aroused, and when disease, death, or a new religious sentiment were the agents in producing mental change.

The excellent Hannah More, on a careful retrospect of her experience in dramatic representation, looked back with sincere regret to the tragedies she had written, although brought forward by Garrick, patronized by Johnson, and having for the most part sacred subjects as their theme.

Sheridan Knowles, and others similarly circumstanced, have expressed the same remorse, while there remain but few instances on record analogous to these in the multitude of composers, from whom has emanated our most abstruse and elevated music.

Mozart and Handel, Beethoven and Weber, seemed wafted to heaven on the essence of their glorious inspirations. Their very breath was attuned to musical harmony, and who is

willing to assert that Mozart's "Magic Flute," or Handel's "Creation," or the purity and grace, sweetness and power of Metastasio's arias and canzonets are talents misapplied?

As "The Creation" was first performed by a full chorus, and on rendering the passage, "Let there be light!" Handel was so overpowered by the harmony he himself had produced, that tears ran down his cheeks, and with upraised arms, eyes turned toward heaven, and trembling voice, he cried, "Not from me, but *thence* does all this come!"

There is a boldness and strength of style, a combination of vigor, spirit, and sublimity in "The Messiah" of Handel, but there is also the same developed genius exhibited on a far different theme, "Didone Abbandonati," of Metastasio.

In purely-dramatic literature and execution, the most elegant scholars, with their terse, nervous, and yet benign purity of thought and diction, as was Sheridan Knowles and a few after his type, have been and are too often compelled to give place to authors whose unchanging pictures of low vice, without a single redeeming quality of humanity or virtue, are sufficient to shock every refined law of our nature.

Mr. Wood, the actor and writer before mentioned, whose quick nature seems to have felt keenly any chilling rebuke of the stage, says, apologetically of this peculiar phase in theatricals, "that in reprobating low comedy its critical opponents forget one philosophic truth in logic which expresses the principle of stage ethics—that in order to guard yourself against gamblers, boxing and other sporting characters, beggars, house swindlers, and the endless variety of cheats and ruffians, it is absolutely necessary to become their associates!"

Heaven forefend that such should be the moral law proclaimed to and practiced by our children!

We have thus endeavored to sustain a position adverse to theatrical matters, not by showy rhetoric or more cogent logic, neither with especial reference to their antagonism to spiritual advancement. But we have laid down as one chief premise in these brief suggestions the incidental testimony of those who are its supporters and friends—its students and professors.

A DAILY conversation in heaven is the surest forerunner of a constant abode there. The Spirit of God first brings heaven into the soul, and then conducts the soul to heaven.—*Arrow-smith.*

THE PATRIOT'S DUST.

BY MRS. MARY E. NFALY.

GATHER the soldier's dust!
 Raise it so tenderly!
 And bear it home with a holy trust
 That God is good and his ways are just,
 Though so hard for us to see!
 Coffin the bones around,
 And bear them to his home;
 Then lay them softly beneath the ground,
 Where Love will cherish the sacred mound,
 And Friendship hither roam.
 Out from the blackened land
 Which murderous Treason mars,
 And bear him away to his native strand,
 Where he started out with a noble band,
 Beneath the Stripes and Stars.
 And here where he often played,
 And heard the wild birds sing,
 Let him calmly lie within the shade
 Of the church where his sainted mother prayed,
 And the Sabbath bells still ring.
 Then leave the moldering form,
 And let it sweetly rest.
 It will rouse no more at war's alarm,
 But will quietly sleep 'mid home's dear charm,
 Like a babe on its mother's breast.
 And when the trump of God
 Shall open our eyes so dim,
 We will know that the Father's chastening rod,
 And the bloody path our dear one trod,
 Was the best for us and for him.
 Gather the soldier's dust!
 Raise it so tenderly!
 And bear it home with a holy trust
 That God is good and his ways are just,
 Though so hard for us to see!

DAYS OF ABSENCE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

WHEN thy smile first shone upon me,
 O, Thou that from death hast won me,
 All was bright;
 Then I thought that my woes were over;
 Then, O then, redeeming Lover,
 Thou wert my whole delight.
 For the joy that was set before me,
 For the love that was bending o'er me,
 I was glad;
 And the ills of the earth around me,
 And the pains of the chains that bound me,
 All failed to make me sad.
 But now I am heavy-hearted—
 Ah, why has thy smile departed?
 All is drear.
 I call on thee groaning, crying,
 O, haste with thy kind replying,
 And be thou ever near.

THE EMOTIONS AND PASSIONS.

BY HENRY B. HIBBEN, U. S. N.

WHILE there are emotions more powerful and more extensive in their influence and bearing upon the mind and heart, there are perhaps none that are more generally and fully appreciated by the masses of mankind than mirth.

Dr. Holmes writes of a man who, in view of the excessive and dangerous effects of his mirthfulness, never dared to be as "funny" as he could. This, however, is an exceptional case, the effect of mirth not being considered generally in the least degree deleterious. On the contrary, we are taught in learned essays that the excitation of the risible faculties is necessary to the proper development of the physique, which in plain Saxon means "to laugh and grow fat!"

Laughter is the natural expression of the emotion of mirth. This, the result of a mental operation upon the body, is a phenomenon peculiar to man, and is often an index of the heart and of individual character as unerring as truth.

There are some who are always laughing when awake—such are generally wanting in intellect. There is the boisterous laugh, the shrill laugh, the chuckling laugh, the good-humored laugh, and the gentle laugh that falls on the ear like the music of the rippling waters at Springtime. What is the antecedent cause that excites the emotion that finds expression in laughter? A thousand different individual things will excite the emotion, but is there not a common principle underlying every single example of the risible? Upon examination of the state of mind resulting from any individual example of the risible, I think it will be found that *incongruity* is the common principle or quality to which we have referred, and the sudden discovery of this disagreement is the antecedent intellection which excites the emotion. This sense of congruity is also peculiar to man, and doubtless exists in his nature through wise and benevolent design. Where this congruity is expected and at first sight supposed to be, but immediately is found not to be, the emotion whose expression is laughter is excited. As has been illustrated in a former paper, commonplace, or low figures or expressions, seriously introduced in immediate connection with objects truly sublime have a deplorable effect, but these are often intentionally and most successfully thrown in for the very purpose of producing mirth by an appeal to our innate

sense of congruity. Take the following specimen as an example:

"Thou enviable being!

No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,

Play on, play on,

My elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—

I knew so many cakes would make him sick!"

Words are not necessary to excite the risible. Expression, look, gesture, emphasis, each may produce the same effect. Coleridge relates a story of a certain preacher who read the following text of Scripture, not observing the proper emphasis, and, consequently, produced a different effect from what he intended: "And he said unto his sons, Saddle *me*, the *ass*—and they saddled him!"

Laughter is said to be promotive of health, but we must look beyond this for the final cause of mirth. It is capable of doing, and was doubtless designed to do great service in the cause of truth.

Benevolence and its opposite, contempt, each use mirth as a medium of expression. When employed in the service of the latter it is called ridicule; in the service of the former, humor. There is a very harmless form of ridicule called parody, which is a ridiculous imitation of some beautiful work; the excellence of the original in connection with the absurdities of the imitation produce an incongruity which excites laughter. The success of the parody depends greatly upon the excellence of the original. No mean production can be successfully parodied. Longfellow's "Hiawatha," perhaps on account of its peculiar style, as well as in view of its completeness as a work of genius and art, was for a while parodied to an extent that would have been the death of any other than a production of genius. Alfred Tennyson's famous poem descriptive of the famous charge of the six hundred light horsemen at the battle of Balaklava, is familiar to my readers. Shortly after the appearance of this artistic production the authorities of London gave a free dinner to the outcast poor belonging to the city. It was of course in true English style, and attracted much attention. The next day Punch appeared with a parody upon Tennyson's poem, in the shape of a description of the dinner and its incidents. A portion of it ran thus:

"Half starved—half starved!

Half starved, onward—

Into the valley of soup

Rushed full six hundred!

For out came a voice

Which each one had pondered,

'Forward the starved brigade!'
'Take a pail!' Murphy said—
Into the valley of soup
Rushed full six hundred," etc.

The sensibilities which come under the general head of passion form a very important and very essential part of man's nature. Words have the power of exciting passion, but make not so deep an impression as when assisted by the external natural signs or expressions. But it is only by the means of *ideal presence* that either history or romance, truth or fiction, has any command over the passions. The imagination must come in play to give the representation life and reality. Without it, in vain would be the most ingenious and powerful combination of words. But by the aid of this faculty, Genius can create most wonderful and magnificent works—"can rouse the passions or their rage control." There is a remarkable relation between passions, social or dissocial. In many instances one passion is productive of another. Pity, for example, when excited in the heart for any person in distress, will produce resentment against the persons who did the wrong to the object of our sympathy. Shakspeare, one of the greatest of uninspired writers, the genius who left no depth nor recess of the human heart unsounded and unsearched, and none of its infinite strings untouched, evinces his knowledge of the relations to which we have referred in the familiar oration of Mark Antony over the body of Cæsar.

Brutus was in the ascendancy. He had won the hearts of the people to approve his deed. The star of the dead Cæsar was extinguished. Brutus is so confident that he demands of the people that they shall listen with respect and attention to the funeral oration of Cæsar's friend. Antony begins, not by boldly hurling anathemas against the conspirators, and thus endeavoring to excite his audience to vengeance. This would, indeed, have insured death to Antony and defeat to his cause. But with the most consummate art he hides his final purpose by an ingenious and successful effort to excite the passion of grief in the hearts of his hearers for the sufferings and sad fate of Cæsar, knowing that this passion would serve as a mirror to reveal the treachery and cruelty of his murderers, and naturally produce hatred and resentment in the minds of the people against them. (See Julius Cæsar, Act iii, Scene 2d.)

This example is an instance of the representation of a passion communicated from one object to another. But one passion may also be produced by another, *without any change of object*. Byron said that "friendship is love full

fledged, and waiting for a clear day to fly!" Moore has said in one of his sonnets, "friendship turns to love, though love to friendship never!"

The tendency of pity, combined with admiration, to excite love is beautifully illustrated in Othello's apology and defense before the senate.

"My story being done, she said,
In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange;
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful.
She wished that heaven had made her such a man;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake.
She loved me for the dangers I had passed:
And I loved her, that she did pity them."

But that we may have a more thorough knowledge of the human passions, it is necessary that we should examine them not only singly, but also in combination. They become doubly interesting and instructive as we trace their operation upon the mind as apparently coexistent passions. We say *apparently* coexistent, for there is really no union, and they are never experienced except in succession—often moving like the electric flame, yet each in its turn making a complete impression. A most humorous yet striking illustration of two dissimilar and opposite passions operating in rapid succession upon our envious and miserly heart, is given in Act iii, Scene 1st, of the "Merchant of Venice," where Tubal, with marked circumspection and method, deals out a mixture of good and bad news to his friend Shylock. But two opposite passions may also proceed from the same cause, considered in different aspects. When two such passions coexist in the same breast, there is still no sort of union, but, as in the case of dissimilar emotions proceeding from different causes, are only felt in succession. Love and jealousy, excited by a common object, occupy the mind successively.

This gives to the dramatist a fine scope for the fluctuation of passion, as one or the other alternately prevails. The workings of these conflicting passions have been painted to the life by several masterly hands. Hannah More, in her tragedy of "Percy," introduces Lord Douglas in soliloquy affected by these two contending passions, thus:

"O, jealousy, thou aggregate of woes,
Were there no hell, thy torments would create one!
Yet she may be guiltless. May? She must!
How beautiful she looked! Pernicious beauty!
Yet innocent as bright
Seemed the sweet blush that mantled on her cheek.
But not for me, but not for me,
Those blooming roses blow!"

And then she wept; what! can I bear her tears?
Well, let her weep, her tears are for another.
O, did they fall for me, to dry those tears
I'd drain the choicest blood that feeds my heart,
Nor think the drops I shed were half so precious!"

Shakspeare handles the same passions in his own inimitable style. In Othello's soliloquy before putting his wife to death, love and jealousy each stand side by side, like Gabriel and Satan, stirring the innermost depth of his crushed heart, yet without any warfare.

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause, yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die! . . .
Put out the light, and then put out the light;
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes where it doth love."

And after completing his inflexible purpose in spite of the prayers of his wife for reprieve, love still breathes in the words,

"I that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain."

LUCY ARLYN.

BY MARTHA D. HARDIE.

WHIPPLE, in his lecture upon "Novels and Novelists," says that fiction writing and reading having become universal, "controversialists wishing to inculcate some system, good or bad, relating to other departments of literature, choose romance as an appropriate field of arms, and straightway publish their opinions in a novel." Works of fiction, written from some such motives, are too common for us to dispute the assertion, and we have now another illustration of its truth.

The doctrines of spiritualism have been so often disproved, the fallacy of its arguments and absurdity of many of its manifestations so clearly shown, that it seems strange that the contest should be again taken up; and in a novel. It is true that Mr. Trowbridge, in the book whose title heads this article, does not attempt argument. On the contrary, it is stated—with how much truth we can not say—that he merely relates facts that have come to his knowledge, without attempting to explain

them; without, perhaps, understanding them himself. And the absurdity of their so-called "manifestations," is in some places so shown as to give credence to this assertion. But though the sword of contest is but partially unsheathed, it is still visible; and the inference of intelligent minds must be, that he does not explain because he himself believes.

As Holmes and Bayard Taylor put their theories into other people's mouths and send them forth into the world in a book, so Mr. Trowbridge provides a stage, creates characters, and shows through them his belief. Having by his former works gained a hearing with the American people, he now comes forth as the advocate of this doctrine. If the theory of spiritualism be true; if our dead are indeed not at rest, but bound to tipping tables and dancing chairs, obeying the call of mediums, and obligingly giving evidence in favor of the belief, then this book, with its powerful delineations of character, its crowd of strange incidents, its vivid interest, is a good one. But all true believers rejecting the theory, will reject the book with it.

And having thus briefly told the theory upon which the novel is built, let us turn to the book itself. Lucy Arlyn, the heroine, is a gentle, graceful character, whose temptations and trials can not but interest the reader; but her experience is only the warp with which to interweave others more objectionable. Opposed to the beautiful, girlish, and yet thoroughly womanly Lucy, is another character, the real heroine, it seems to us, of the book—a spiritualist, a medium, and seeress, called Christina Frege. Outwardly she is a "pale, nervous young lady," whose chief attraction is an air of peculiar refinement and fascination, but, subject to trances, she becomes in them a creature of wonderful passion and powers. Other characters there are, other spiritualists; but Biddiken the treasure seeker, Murk the philanthropist, Archy Brandle and little Job, are but minor actors. The most perfect, and yet most distasteful character of the book, is Christina. As a woman, peculiar, almost revolting; as a medium, the power she had over others is not surprising.

In chapter nine we are introduced into a "spiritual circle," composed of Murk, the would-be leader of the world; Doctor Biddiken, a "seedy, shriveled old man," who has spent his life in searching for hidden wealth; Col. Bannington, a skeptic, his housekeeper, and two mediums; one a half-witted "village genius," the other an ignorant girl of thirteen. By the lettering of the alphabet, answered by the knocks of the

spirits, Dr. Biddiken is informed that his long-lost son is present. To the questions put by the anxious father in reference to the place and manner of his death, satisfactory answers are given; and at last Murk, more spiritually-minded than the Doctor, announces that he can see the dead boy. Just as—in spirit—he is embracing his father, and the Doctor is exclaiming, "I feel his kiss!" the real son, alive and well, appears. The circle being convinced that it was a "lying spirit," with which they had been communicating—an easy way of settling the matter, it seems to us—breaks up.

Of a far more serious character is the experience of Guy Bannington, the hero of the book. A half infidel, a doubter of the immortality of the soul, he is led into spiritualism by the argument that its truth proves the truth of immortality. Accidentally going to Dr. Biddiken's house, one afternoon, he there finds a circle assembled, and among them the "seeress," Christina Frege. The room is dark and close. He can barely see that his companions are, with one exception, of any thing but a spiritual character; but, "almost from the moment of his entrance, Guy had felt, stealing over him, an indescribable magnetic influence—it seemed to surround him like a fine, invisible, soothing, almost stupefying mist." The medium, in a trance state, places her hands on his head, and announces him as their promised king, and the leader of all their enterprises. Then "something descended upon Guy, like a cloud as of the breath of angels. Pure, passionless, delicious, dewy thoughts distilled from it, suffusing his whole being." A little later, at some words of the medium referring more directly to himself, he "yearned, then and there, to sink upon his knees and pray, as he had not often prayed in his undevout career." In this case the inference is, that the spirits were good, and not "lying."

When the excitement of the hour passed away, and Guy had time to think, he found himself, as might have been expected, "with a desire to be fed with fresh experiences." This craving for more of animal excitement is supplied by Christina Frege. A revelation is made to her of a secret grave in the woods; she requests Guy to accompany her in her search, and her trance-vision is verified by the finding of the grave.

A spiritualist, Christina Frege is also a believer in affinities and free love, and these are destined to work trouble for poor Lucy Arlyn. By her arts, both of personal fascination and spiritual gifts, she obtains no little influence over Guy Bannington. There is supposed to

be among the mountains a secret treasure, to discover which Dr. Biddiken has spent the wealth and strength of his life. He is unable, however, to find the place of the treasure till Christina, by her supernatural powers, discovers it. The spiritualists then, joining themselves into an organization for the benefit of humanity, determined to obtain the gold, and with it reform the world. In a chapter of remarkable power, but of questionable good, the forming of the society and consecration of Guy Bannington as its leader is described. The scene at the close of the chapter, as well as the one at the cascade, seems almost a mockery of divine things, which not even the spiritual influences under which it is supposed to be done can excuse.

After this consecration Guy becomes in heart and soul a spiritualist; devoting all his energies to the task of securing the wealth the mountain is supposed to contain; neglecting wife and friends for his spiritual companions. Having, however, converted his hero, the author troubles us with no more manifestations. Indeed, as the work proceeds, as slowly but surely, all Guy's hopes and aspirations seem to center in the discovery of the gold, the influences become fainter, doubts assail the various members of the association, and, one by one, they withdraw, taking their money with them. At last Christina herself confesses that she has lost her mediumship, can no longer speak with certainty of the place of the treasure, and Guy is left alone.

The story darkens toward the end into a tragedy. The murder in the woods, the examination and arrest of Guy, the awful fate of Murk and Dr. Biddiken, and, softening the horror a little, the death and burial of little Agnes, and Lucy's sorrow, follow one another in quick succession, and hold the reader to the book by their terrible interest. Mr. Trowbridge is no ordinary writer, and in the description of these scenes vivid power is shown. Grim humor, too, is mingled with the horrors crowding the last chapters. The light, amusing episodes of the first part of the book are discarded now, and the few touches of mirth are so arranged as to lighten the contrast between them and the awful reality.

It would seem that the trouble which Guy encounters from his first meeting with the spiritualists to his trial for murder, above all, Christina's own confession, that she had not, as she had before affirmed, seen the treasure in the rocks, but had, from personal and selfish motives, allowed herself to be acted upon by the magnetic influences of Dr. Biddiken's house,

would convince Guy of the falsity of their theories. But amid all these difficulties, in the very culmination of them all, when even those who had first led him into spiritualism began to doubt its truth, he still believes and clings to it. In the prison, the night before his trial, to the question of Christina, "after all you have suffered, notwithstanding you have been so wronged and deceived, and in spite of all that is dangerous, ridiculous, and impure in their manifestations, do you still believe in spiritual gifts, and in the holy communion of spirits?" Guy answers, "I do, as firmly and truly as ever." Then he sums up that belief in one statement: "The dangers and crudities to which you allude arise from our own selfishness and ignorance, from defective mediumship, and perhaps from the imprudence of lying and fanatical spirits. These are but clouds in the heaven that shines pure and blue over all. We have only to elevate ourselves in order to rise above them, and breathe the ether of inspiration free from taint. We may reach a region where only lofty and holy intelligences can exist, where no impure influence can come." The reader may possibly have heard this before; we have read something very much like it in the columns of spiritualist journals. Again, in referring to the Bible, here is his statement: "So long as we regard it as the record of an age of miracles long since closed, it is lost time turning its pages; but when we learn that it treats of the *possibilities of man in all ages*, with what vital interest we read!"

Guy Bannington still holds to his faith in spiritual influences, because, through them, he has gained, during his year of trial, a rich experience in "love, and faith, and patience." There is no hint of a changed heart, no word of Christ; the conversion, if such it is intended to be, has been wrought by the spirits, and its fruits are a very great charity for others; and the belief that the true regeneration of the world will come, when we "draw our daily life from those high springs"—vaguely indicated in the preceding sentence as "the sources of inspiration and power"—"and lead others to them by our good works." A simpler and truer statement would be, when being taught of Christ and believing on him, we carry our religion into our daily life, and draw others to the One from whom alone our powers can come by the beauty and purity of all our actions. Guy's belief seems imperfect, more especially as the "love, and faith, and patience," do not appear till his trials are over, he is restored to Lucy, and, following the usual course of novelists, his father has died and left him his property.

And now our brief review of this book is finished. We have not tried to argue against its doctrines—to intelligent minds little argument is necessary to refute them. Our object has been by the statement of its plan, and by quotations from the book itself, to show what it is. An interesting story, written with great dramatic power, with fatal energy of purpose, there is in it much to please and excite, and much also to harm. Though the author has not scrupled, when, in the turns of the story, it suited his purpose, to expose the absurdity of many spiritual manifestations, though his spiritual characters are, with one exception, calculated merely to excite amusement among his readers, and their doctrines laughter, there is yet, under all this, as strong current in another direction. In the character of Christina Frege he has concentrated all that is powerful and worthy in spiritualism; he has mingled good with the evil in her disposition and actions; has gathered around her the most startling manifestations, and uttered through her the theories of human development and good to mankind. The other mediums appear in scenes calculated only to amuse; wherever Christina comes all is earnest and strong. And the reader remembering Murk and Sister Lingham only to laugh at, and Snow to despise, will give to Christina Frege his attention and interest.

All true men and women, believers in Christ and followers of his cause, will condemn the influence of "Lucy Arlyn," and keep its pernicious doctrines from the young. No man can read books without being influenced by them, and the influence of evil books upon the lives and characters of others, has enough illustrations to make us weary of such books. When the day comes that fiction, already recognized as a power in the world, shall be adopted by the right as well as the wrong side, used to prove and illustrate true doctrines and true religion, then the influence of infidel and spiritual books will be counteracted. Till that day comes let us, clinging only to that which is pure and good, condemn books whose descriptions of religion and theories of humanity are as wrong as those of Lucy Arlyn.

FICTION may be more instructive than real history; but the vast rout of romances and novels, *as they are*, do incalculable mischief. I wish we could collect all together, and make one vast fire of them. I should exult to see the smoke of them ascend, like that of Sodom and Gomorrah: the judgment would be as just.—*J. Foster.*

JAMIE'S BOUNTY LAND.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

AUNT DEBORAH PARSONS has been to make us a visit. Being an old maid, and so belonging to no one in particular, she has come to be a kind of parish property, and is claimed of right by every one to whom trouble in any shape chances to come. She has one of those strong, calm, self-reliant natures that are so comforting sometimes to lean upon; and, without being in the least degree rough or unfeeling, has a way of quietly ignoring all the little annoyances of domestic life and marching straight over them in a triumphant way of her own. Aunt Debby is homely beyond all question, but her homeliness has a character in it. It is a homeliness of too much mouth and nose, too heavy a chin and too cragged a forehead for a woman; but it is a face of strong, kindly, earnest expression, and would be positively beautiful beside one of the tame, flat, *snubby* faces one sees so often in a crowd.

"Nobody ever calls you homely, aunt Debby," said a merry young girl, "for you are just as good as you can be."

"Dear me, child," said aunt Debby, "I an't half as good as I might be; but I am just as handsome as I can possibly be, for I'm just as the Lord made me; I'd be as glad to be good looking as any body, for I do admire pretty things."

Aunt Debby lived forty years and never thought of having a mission, and probably would have died contented without one but for the war. When we all sent our brothers and sons away to fight for the dear old flag, aunt Debby worked till her eyes were dim over flannels, and socks, and needle-cases, and all sorts of comforts and conveniences for them, and then she waited at home, as we all did, and prayed, and hoped, and feared. And when to one home after another came sorrowful tidings of death, aunt Debby was at hand; not with words of comfort, she used to say she had no gifts of consolation, but to make sure that every thing human hands could do was done for the outward comfort of the bereaved. At last came a letter from Benny Ford—little Benny, whom aunt Debby had nursed through measles, mumps, and a score of petty ailments. Benny was sick in the hospital at City Point, and in his boyish way wrote to his mother all his homesick heart. He longed so for mother's face and mother's hand, and he would give a whole regiment of major-generals for aunt Debby to make him some tea and toast. Aunt Debby listened to

the letter, wiped her eyes with her gingham apron, and went home without saying much. But next day she packed up some plain, substantial clothing in an old-fashioned hair trunk, filled the great round top with bundles of catnip, peppermint, sage, and other famous herbs, drew fifty dollars from her deposit at the village store, and then very gently bade her friends good-by.

"I'm going to the hospital if they'll take me for a nurse," she said; "not because I think I can do it better than others, but I'm well and strong, and if any thing happens, why, there's nobody special to miss me."

Every one wanted to do something to help her in her outfit, but she refused decidedly.

"I've got every earthly thing I know how to use in my trunk," she said, "and if some of you'll remember to look after the widow Jones, and see that old Mrs. Barnes has her Winter wood, that's about all I have n't provided for."

And so aunt Debby became a hospital nurse, and never once left her labor till the close of the war sent her home with the other veterans, and the neighbors looked out in the morning to see her little house thrown open, and her feather-beds out airing in the back-yard. She slipped quietly into her old place and her old duties, and seldom talked of her hospital experiences. She was more silent than before, as I have always noticed that women from whom life has taken, or to whom it has brought great and precious things, learn more and more to "commune with their own hearts and be still."

Aunt Deborah Parsons came to make us a visit. The papers had brought to us day after day nothing but records of weakness and treachery, where strength and honor seemed most needed, and I lay upon the sofa, with my aching head bound up, and quivered with physical and mental pain. After all we had sacrificed and suffered, to stand so shamed and stamped with cowardice before angels and men! It seemed too hard to bear—harder because, being a woman, I might not give indignant voice to my most indignant heart. And yet I felt that, in this hour of decision, I had a most sacred right to be heard—a right purchased with blood, with anguish, with bereavement never to be healed. Had I not given of my best beloved to die for this mother country, and deemed her glory cheaply won in spite of the cruel cost? And now was I to be silent and see this honor sullied! So I wearied myself with most fruitless anxieties, while aunt Debby sat with her knitting, and only now and then sent me a keen glance of her gray eyes.

"Go to sleep," said she at last; "the Lord has taken us in hand, and he is n't going to leave us till he has seen this thing through—clear through—to the end. That's where I rest; and whenever I get anxious and troubled, and feel as if every thing was going wrong, have to go clear back, after all, and say to myself, 'He knows; he never makes mistakes.'"

"Yes," said I faintly, "but it is so hard to wait; so hard, when we were just in sight of the land of promise, to be turned back into the wilderness for another forty years of wandering."

"Child," said aunt Debby, "when I used to read in my Bible that 'a thousand years are in his sight but as yesterday, and as a watch in the night,' I used to feel discouraged about it, as though we never could hope to see enough of any thing even to guess what the Lord meant by it. But I know better now. It is n't my days that are a thousand years, and he does n't want me to carry the burdens and do the work of a thousand years in them. I mean to do what he sends me as well as I can while I'm here, and when I'm gone I make no doubt he'll manage very well without me."

Then aunt Debby went to the table and opened the little Bible and read slowly and distinctly: "The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying,

"Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us."

"*He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision.*"

She shut the book without a word of comment, and went back to her rocking-chair.

"*He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh,*" said my soul in confident assurance, and left it all in His hands "who moves to his great ends, unthwarted by the ill."

When I awoke aunt Debby was reading a little slip of newspaper, with tears running down her cheeks.

"It's such a simple little thing," she said, handing it to me. "I never could get much sense out of poetry, but this goes right to my heart. I could n't help thinking it might have been Jamie."

The poem was said to have been found under the pillow of a soldier who lay dead in a hospital near Port Royal. It seemed to me so touching, so full of weariness, I can not help giving it here:

"I lay me down to sleep
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

My good right hand forgets

Its cunning now—

To march the weary march

I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,

Nor strong—all that is past;

I'm ready not to do,

At last, at last!

My half-day's work is done,

And this is all my part;

I give my patient God

My patient heart;

And grasp his banner still,

Though all the blue be dim;

These stripes, no less than stars,

Lead after him!"

"Poor boy," said aunt Debby wiping her eyes, as I unconsciously read the lines aloud, "that's just the way many a one has died; homesick and worn out: just waiting, waiting day after day, till he got tired of trying to live, and they found him in the morning dead. That was the way with Jamie; nobody knew just when he went."

"Tell me about him," said I; "you never spoke of him before."

"No," said aunt Debby; "I do n't often feel as if I wanted to think over those things, but my mind keeps running on Jamie, so I may as well tell you:

"It was just after the battle of the Wilderness, and we were so crowded with wounded men at City Point that we had to put all who could be moved out in tents to make more room in the wards. There was such a constant strain upon the nurses that the only way we could do was to take turns at sleeping a couple of hours at a time; and it may seem strange to you, but I could dress those awful wounds, and work over those poor mangled fellows till I was ready to drop, and then lie down on a hard bed, in hearing of it all, and sleep as sound as a baby. One night they woke me up and said that Mrs. W.—she was one of the head nurses—had fainted away at her work—clear worn out—and I must come and see to a new lot of men that were just coming in. That was the worst lot they ever sent us. Some of them had been lying in an old mill days before they found them, and they were half starved and stiff with blood. They took them out of the ambulances and laid them in rows on the floor, and as fast as we could we washed them and put them in beds. There were not places enough for all of them. 'Leave the worst ones where they are,' said the surgeon, 'half a dozen of them will die before morning.' It seemed hard, but we made them as comfortable as we

could, fed them with warm gruel, and waited for morning. Four died that night, three more the next day, and then there was but one to find a bed for; a slender little fellow, with a smooth, round face, and great blue eyes as clear as a baby's. He had two bad wounds, and it seemed a wonder how he lived, for he had almost bled to death before he was brought in. I never could tell how it was, but the very first time that boy looked into my face with those great innocent eyes of his, I felt as if something had taken right hold of my heart. And when the doctor said he did believe the little fellow was going to live in spite of every thing, I just choked up and cried; I could n't help it. Well, for a couple of weeks he kept along and did n't seem to gain much. Then they sent away several hundred of our men to Portsmouth Grove hospital, in Newport Bay. That gave us easier times, and I used to get a chance once in a while to sit down and talk with Jamie for half an hour. He used to watch for me—I liked to know that—I could see him following me with his eyes from bed to bed as I came down the ward, and he always had such a quiet, contented smile when I came to him; it rested me if I was ever so tired.

"He told me about his mother, a widow in a little country town in Maine, and I wrote a letter to her to let her know her Jamie was alive, and he thought may be, in some way, she would contrive to come and nurse him, though she was poor and it was such a long journey. Day after day the poor boy would lie there and contrive ways to pay his mother's expenses, and almost every time I came to his bed I found him eager to tell me of some new plan. But as the weather grew warmer Jamie got weaker, and his round face got sharp and thin. He slept a great deal, and whenever he was awakened he would begin to talk eagerly about getting well and getting his *bounty lands*.

"Do n't you think they 'll give us bounty lands?" he asked of the doctor. "It 'll be so nice when we have a little farm of our own, mother and me; she always wanted one."

"I'm glad I did n't die in that old mill," he said one day. "I used to think when I lay there and heard the water tumbling over the stones, that if I could only get down to it I'd like to take one good drink and die. But then I should n't have got my bounty lands and had a home for mother."

"I wrote again to his mother and told her that Jamie was evidently sinking, and I sent her all the money I had to help toward her expenses. She never got it, but it was spent for Jamie all the same, and I never grudged it.

"Jamie had a little red Testament that was his constant companion, and many a time I have found him lying asleep with his cheek resting against it. It was his mother's parting gift, and he had kept it through all his troubles.

"It talks just like my mother," he said, "and when I read it and go to sleep I always dream about her, and how we used to walk to church on Sunday morning with the bells all ringing and the big waves rolling up along the beach. I can hear 'em just as plain, splash, splash, and the gulls flying low over the water."

"He can't last much longer," the doctor said one morning as he passed my little pantry at the end of the ward.

"Then why do n't you tell him so," I said. "I never can do it; I love him as if he was my baby."

"What's the use in telling him?" said the doctor. "He's as ready to go as ever any one was, and the least excitement will bring on internal hemorrhage. With care we may keep him till his mother comes."

"She 'll never come," I said to myself, for the doctor was out of sight; "it's my belief his mother is dead."

"That evening, when the night nurses came in, I took the steward's little lamp and went to see Jamie a moment before I left. He was lying wide awake, and smiled as I came to him.

"Are you very, very tired," he asked; "because I wanted to hear you read a few verses. It's the chapter that begins, 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.' That's the text our minister preached about the Sunday before we all marched away to the war. I only remember just one thing he told us, that when we thought of the strong, and just, and dreadful God, we should also think of the tender and compassionate Jesus, and because we believed in God, we should believe also in him."

"I read about half the chapter to him, and then he seemed to fall asleep. But just as I was leaving him he opened his eyes and said, 'You'd better write to mother again, and tell her not to mind coming down here; it's so far for her to come alone, and I feel a great deal better to-night. Tell her to keep up good heart and wait till I get my bounty land; it won't be long.'

"I smoothed away his hair and straightened his pillow, but I could n't speak a word.

"Next morning early as I was going through one of the wards I met the doctor.

"Have you been in number seven?" he asked.

"Not yet," I said, and waited.

"'Jamie's got his bounty land,' said the doctor, and he shut his mouth hard together and went on.

"I went straight to number seven—past the long rows of beds to the further end. There he lay, my Jamie, just as I had left him in the evening, asleep, it seemed, only there was no breath.

"No one knew when he died. Only once in the night the man in the next bed heard him say, 'The bells, the bells!' and that was all.

"We kept one of his thick curls for his mother: I put it in the little Testament against the chapter, 'Let not your heart be troubled,' and then they buried him. Six feet of earth—just enough to lie in—that was all the bounty land the dear boy got here, but I'm sure the Lord had a place ready for him up in heaven."

Aunt Debby was silent for a few moments, her knitting lying idly in her lap, and her eyes looking straight out at the window. There was a little glimpse of green wheat-field beyond the garden, swaying into shining billows as the wind swept it. The bees droned in the honey-suckles, the swallows twittered past the window; the earth was full of happy, thoughtless life, that went joyously through its circle of existence, fulfilling perfectly the ends of its creation; and in the midst of it all we alone, with our vexed human hearts, were anxious and troubled. Better for us if our souls, like swallows, soared more in the sunshine, content with our daily blessings, and leaving the past and the future to the Father's care. How much of all this was in aunt Debby's mind I can not tell, but presently she took up her knitting with a faint smile, saying,

"After all, there's one thing we can be sure of—*He knows—he never makes mistakes*, and when we get puzzled and troubled, it's good to get back to that and rest."

"And what about Jamie's mother?" I asked; "did you ever hear any thing from her?"

"That was the worst of it," said aunt Debby.

"If I could only have gone on thinking she was dead, and they were both together up there, it would have been a comfort. But about two weeks after Jamie died a woman came to the hospital inquiring for her boy, James Ashley. Well, so many were dying, and so many coming and going, they could n't tell her at first, but after a while they found it on the books—James Ashley, Co. D, 2d Reg. Maine Volunteers. Admitted May 30th. Died June 28th."

"I can't tell you about it," said aunt Debby hoarsely, "it was enough to break any one's heart to see how struck down and broken the

poor soul was. Dr. Wells, he came to me and said:

"'Jamie's mother has come; you must go and take care of her.'

"So I took her away to my little room, and I sat down and told her all about Jamie, and she looked me in the face and never heard a single word. Then I took the little Testament and put that in her hands; and when she saw that and the lock of hair she seemed to understand better about it. But the poor thing was quite broken by all she'd gone through—the long journey and the dreadful disappointment, and I do n't think she was quite right in her wits afterward. When she went away she gave me back the little Testament and the hair, 'because you know I shall see Jamie pretty soon, and it do n't matter. He'll want me, I know; he'll be lonesome without me: we always meant to live together when he got his bounty lands.'

"She went away in a vessel bound for Portland. The captain's wife promised to look after her, and I hope she's safe home with Jamie before now.

"The country is full of just such sorrowful things, and when I think about them it makes me feel sure that the Lord is n't going to let traitors or cowards cheat us out of what we've been fighting for. Why, child, it's the Lord's little ones—his weak, tender, helpless ones, that have borne all the bitterest of these sorrows, and do you think he's going to let them suffer for nothing? So when the rulers and the strong ones take counsel against right and justice, I just say as David said, 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.'

PROPER SYSTEM OF READING.

A PROPER and judicious system of reading is of the highest importance. Two things are necessary in perusing the mental labors of others; namely, not to read too much, and to pay great attention to the nature of what you do read. Many persons peruse books for the express and avowed purpose of consuming time; and this class of readers forms by far the majority of what are termed the reading public; a habit more injurious in its influence on mind and character can hardly be imagined. Others, again, read with the laudable anxiety of being made wiser; and when this object is not attained, the disappointment may generally be attributed, either to the habit of reading too much, or of paying insufficient attention to what falls under their notice.—*Blakey.*

QUEEN VICTORIA.

EDITORIAL.

WE present to our readers for the present month an excellent portrait of Queen Victoria, the first, if we shall be able to carry out our design, of a series representing some of the principal crowned ladies of Europe. We place the Queen of England at the head of the list, as the first in our esteem, not only for the exalted position she occupies, and which she has filled with such eminent success in the presence of an admiring world, but still more for the exalted character which she has maintained in the midst of all the temptations and trials incident to the throne and the Court. As the sovereign of a powerful empire, as a Queen revered and beloved by her subjects, as a woman, wife, and mother, we regard her as a model of excellence.

Queen Victoria was born May 24, 1819. Her father was Edward, Duke of Kent. Her mother was Victoria Maria Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. Just twenty months after his marriage, and just eight months after the birth of Victoria, her father died. This event turned the eyes of all England to Victoria as their future Queen, though yet an infant child.

Her beautiful character, which has since adorned her exalted station, was apparent in its first buddings in her childhood and youth. An English gentleman who was familiar with her early life, says: "When I first saw the pale and pretty daughter of the Duke of Kent, she was fatherless. Her fair, light form was sporting in all the redolence of youth and health, on the noble sands of old Ramsgate. It was a Summer day, not so warm as to induce languor, but yet warm enough to render the favoring breezes from the laughing tides, as they broke gently upon the sands, agreeable and refreshing. Her dress was simple; a plain straw bonnet, with a white ribbon round the crown, a colored muslin frock, looking gay and cheerful, and as pretty a pair of shoes on as pretty a pair of feet as I ever remembered to have seen from China to Kamtschatka. Her mother was her companion, and a venerable man, whose name is graven on every human heart that loves its species, and whose undying fame is recorded in that eternal book where the actions of men are written with the pen of Truth, walked by her parent's side, and doubtless gave those counsels, and offered that advice, which none was more able to offer than himself—for it was William Wilberforce."

When she had attained her eighteenth year, the year of her legal majority, her birthday was celebrated with the utmost splendor. Four weeks had not passed away from these festivities, when her uncle, the reigning monarch, William IV, was seized with sudden illness and died, on the 20th of June, 1837. At five o'clock in the morning, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with others of the nobility, arrived at the palace at Kensington, to communicate to Victoria the tidings of her uncle's death, and that she was Queen of England. That day she assembled her first Privy Council. Upward of one hundred of the highest nobility of the realm were present. "In the midst of the scarred veterans of war, gray-haired statesmen, judges of the court, dignitaries of the Church, stood this youthful maiden, with her fragile and fairy form, pale and pensive, and yet graceful and queenly in her childlike loveliness. And when the herald announced, 'We publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Princess, Alexandrina Victoria, is the only lawful and rightful liege lady, and by the grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith,' the timid and lovely maiden, overwhelmed by the scene, threw her arms around her mother's neck, and wept with uncontrollable emotion. And when her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, her father's younger brother, was about to kneel at her feet to kiss her royal hand, as he took the oath of allegiance, she gracefully placed an affectionate kiss upon his cheek, and with tears streaming from her eyes, exclaimed, 'Do not kneel, my uncle, for I am still Victoria, your niece!'"

In a few days she made her first appearance as Queen before the Parliament. Statesmen, nobles, ambassadors from foreign courts, thronged the chamber. Victoria entered, not with tall, commanding figure, but as a loving, gentle-hearted child, to win at once all hearts to tenderness and love. She ascended the throne, and with a clear, though tremulous voice, read her first address to the statesmen around her so distinctly as to make herself heard to the farthest part of the House of Lords.

When Victoria was fifteen years of age, there was a lad of the same age, a relation of the family on the mother's side, who often associated with her in her studies and her sports. In those early years a strong attachment grew up between them, and it could not be concealed that Victoria looked upon Prince Albert with more than ordinary affection. Their attachment ripened into mutual love, and soon after her coronation they were married, on the 10th of February, 1840. The nation approved of the

match, and what does not often happen among royal personages, two youthful hearts, drawn together amidst the splendors of a palace by mutual affection, were united in the most sacred and delightful of ties. As a consequence the union was highly promotive of the happiness of both of the illustrious pair, and they have given to England, by no means the least of the beneficent influences of their happy reign, the illustrious example of a royal family universally respected and beloved, dwelling together in the spirit of harmony and affection, and illustrating the beauty, order, amiable dispositions, and domestic happiness of a well-ordered Christian household. This illustrious example of a pure, loving, happy family circle dwelling in the cold and cheerless regions of elevated rank and power, we esteem one of England's brightest treasures, and most useful and honorable traits among the nations.

Albert, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was born August 26, 1819, and was the second son of Duke Ernest I, who died in 1844, and younger brother to the present Duke-regnant of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Educated thoroughly at the University of Bohn, and possessing talents of the first order, cultivated and refined by diligent and successful study, and endowed with a disposition singularly amiable and pacific, the Prince brought to his exalted position the qualities of heart and mind which eminently qualified him for the grave responsibilities which devolved upon him, for the delicate and peculiar relations which he sustained as Prince Consort, and for winning the hearts of the people among whom he came as a stranger and foreigner. A little less than twenty-one years of age when he became the husband of Victoria, his excellent good sense, and prudent and discreet bearing in all the relations he sustained, preserved him from those follies and mistakes that might have been feared, and shielded him from that jealousy and suspicion that might have been engendered by his foreign origin. Perhaps all history can not afford an instance of the performance of high and irresponsible but strictly-limited duties, with a dignity and singleness of intention comparable with that which enforced the approbation of all England, and made the whole nation feel they had sustained an irreparable loss in the death of the consort of their Queen.

With the sagacity to recognize at once the temptation and dangers of his exalted position, he eschewed politics and devoted himself to his family and to the arts of peace. He kept the faith he had pledged to his young queen bride with simple and unwavering fidelity. He watched

over his children with an assiduity commensurate with the trust devolved upon him. The charitable, the commercial, and the social movements and interests of the nation found in him a wise and efficient patron. His exquisite tact and discretion in reference to the exciting political questions by which he was surrounded are remarkable. The bitterest partisanship found nothing to condemn in his course. All knew that in public affairs Her Majesty consulted her husband, but not a word or look of his ever compromised the independence and impartiality of the throne. His devotion as a husband was only equaled by that of his royal wife, whose inexpressible grief for his loss five years of mourning has scarcely in the least assuaged. It is this devotion of the husband and wife, this faithfulness of the father and mother, this beautiful example of happy home-life in high places that will constitute the grandest legacy the illustrious pair will leave to the world. We are confident that we are pronouncing the highest and best encomium upon them, when we say we know of no better model of the performance of the duties of wife and mother than the Queen; no more complete pattern of a devoted husband and father than her consort.

Prince Albert died on the 14th of December, 1861, leaving the Queen overwhelmed with inconsolable grief. It was the first great blow that had fallen upon her. For twenty-one years they had been realizing with almost unshadowed felicity their ideal of earthly happiness. All her children had lived; she had seen her eldest daughter married to the heir of a great monarchy; another daughter was about to form an alliance prompted by mutual affection; her husband had been a wise and true counselor; for years he had hardly ever stirred from her side, unwearied in his attentions and services. Out of the clear sky suddenly came the bolt that left her desolate and alone. How calm, and happy, and domestic had been their life is now seen in the irrepressible grief of the Queen. The glory of Victoria is her genuine womanly character, and no where is it more tenderly and touchingly exhibited than in her fidelity, and the constancy and depth of her sorrow as the widow of the man she loved. Since the death of Prince Albert she has lived in great retirement, cherishing with matronly dignity her younger children who still cluster around her, and ameliorating her grief and loneliness by offices of social kindness and charity. She is still the "Queen Mother," and how attentive she is to her own children may be inferred from a late pleasing circumstance. The arch-deacon of London on one occasion was catechis-

ing the young princes, and being surprised at the accuracy of their answers, said to the youngest prince, "Your governess deserves great credit for instructing you so thoroughly in the Catechism." Upon which the royal boy responded, "O! but it is mamma who teaches us the Catechism." Many American mothers may take a profitable hint from this queenly practice.

We have said but little of Victoria as Queen, nor need we say much. But few of the cares of government rest upon her. The able counselors who surround her guide the affairs of state in her name. She has little to do, except to attend to the etiquette of the Court, to present herself as the conspicuous pageant on a gala day, and to give her signature to those acts of Parliament which are supported by those friends in whom she reposes confidence. And yet her power on the throne has been felt, and her firmness on several questions and occasions has controlled and directed the policy of the nation. During the lifetime of the Prince Consort she found in him a wise and true counselor; and superior to the petty jealousy which would have actuated a mind of less nobility, she availed herself of his invaluable services and leaned upon him. But her glory as a Queen will stand rather in not doing than in what she has done. The accidents of birth placed her where she is. Strong temptations have surrounded her. Every thing which this earth can furnish of wealth, pomp, and pageantry, have been arranged to dazzle her eye. Yet in the midst of such scenes she has maintained her integrity, she has wielded a powerful influence in behalf of peace, morality, and religion, has won the respectful affection of all her subjects, and has preserved a character untarnished and unsuspected. Her reign has been a period of progress and prosperity unequalled in the history of her country. The rancor of contending parties has never assailed the Crown, because all have felt alike that they were treated with the most loyal impartiality. The silent but powerful influence of a chaste and noble woman, exemplary in all the relations of life, enthroned as the head of the nation, has pervaded all ranks of society, and impressed itself on all phases of English life. The historian of her times will find few striking or brilliant events to illuminate his story, but the world's history will contain but few examples of queenly reigns that in moral grandeur will equal that of Queen Victoria. If he will be able to record no great wars, no brilliant triumphs, no intricate schemes of ambition, the common materials of royal history, he will at least have the satisfaction of bearing testimony to this truth, that her sub-

jects were contented and happy, that conspiracies or rebellions against her authority were things unknown, and that no enemy or party could find even the slightest shadow of a court scandal. She is every inch a Queen, in that she has ruled herself.

But in speaking of her we are constantly inclined to forget the Queen—the woman, the wife, and the mother eclipsing the mere accident of the Crown. Her title to the approbation of history will rest in these relations and in her irreproachable character. A Queen with a deep and enduring love for her husband, with an ardent attachment to home, a motherly love for her offspring, a dislike of ostentatious display, and a constant longing after domestic tranquillity in the midst of necessary receptions, grand levees, and dazzling pageants, give her a character of uniqueness among the royal ladies of the world that will secure to her a nobler immortality than has fallen to the lot of many of the crowned women of the world. Such a character may fail to captivate the senses or please the mere admirer of earthly vanities, but will not be wanting in charms for those who can admire virtue in high places, or place a becoming value upon a noble example. "To know the real character of such a sovereign," says a recent observer of her life, "one must look away from the glittering palace life of Windsor and London, to the secluded dales and mountain nooks of the highlands of Scotland—to the little village church of the Rev. Mr. Caird—to her numerous unostentatious charities—to that rigid exclusion of all but the members of her own family from the recent tribute of affection to the memory of a husband and father at Coburg. In short, to be good rather than to be great—as the world esteemeth greatness—seems to have been, and to be, the aim of Victoria's life, in public and in private."

THE ICEBERG.

AN iceberg drifting in the polar seas
 Braces its cold, and bold, and glistening front
 Against the sharpness of the Arctic blasts;
 But when it idly floats by southern shores,
 Where mild sunshine wakes the praise of Spring,
 Warm airs embrace the rugged stranger round,
 And melt away its angles with their breath:
 The tepid waves caress it; and the light
 Nestles among its many crevices,
 Till it relents, and in a veil of mist
 Withdrawing, sinks, and weeps itself away
 Upon the bosom of the Summer sea.
 And so, when argument, reproach, and force
 Are spent in vain, the hard heart yields to love.

SILENCE.

BY C. M. STONE.

THERE is a power in silence more efficient than the clamor of words, as the low murmur of a little rill steals upon the senses with better and gentler effect than the impatient and hurrying waves of the ocean. We have stood under old forest trees after the storm had passed over them, carrying fear and dismay along its track, and had no words to describe the sensations we experienced as the footsteps of the tempest died away and left us alone with the silence wherein, if ever, then we could hear the "audible voice of God" in the violets that trembled at our feet and in the wild-wood leaves that leaned together and whispered above our head, and the last tear-drops of the rain now and then softly falling at intervals, as some faint breath of wind fluttered airily among the leaves. It seemed as if nothing could arouse the spirit to anger in such a spot as this—it seemed as if the spirit of Peace would almost arise in visible form and shame down the shadow of an evil thought or deed, while in the blue and misty underwood seemed moving back and forth a soft procession of ethereal beings, always pointing upward as if to lead the mind of mortals beyond the dwelling-places of the stars.

We read innumerable instances of how great and noble minds have conquered and repelled an infuriated rabble, among which the example of our blessed Lord stands out before us, the monument of enduring patience and humility, clothed with a nature too lofty to stoop to clamor with the weaknesses of coarser minds.

There is a host of words cast forth and wasted upon the air, in the daily lives of those who have the charge of families. We step over the threshold of a household, and can easily distinguish which are the voices that prevail. If the children are graceful, respectful, and unobtrusive, we know that the mother is soft-voiced, and possesses a refined and graceful character, that is transmitted by the silent movement, the subdued and elegant bearing. She silently puts to shame their childish altercations, and they are more sensitive to the reproachful glance of her eye than the children of a stormy, scolding parent are to the infliction of the rod.

There is nothing grander than to see a being beset by the annoyances and perplexities of life bearing provocation, defeat, and disaster with a serene and silent bearing, perhaps assailed by vile insinuations and false charges, moving on with that lofty spirit that at last compels the

admiration of his foes, and they come to dread the quiet glance of his eye more than any threatening word he could have uttered. Down the long and wearily-trodden aisles of time, stand out upon pinnacles more enduring and admirable than those of fame, a goodly company of those who have made their lives sublime by the nobility of soul that spoke not, only when the time came to speak—then were their voices listened to as if the blast of a thunder-cloud had broken upon the stillness of a Summer noon. Their memorable words are registered in the hearts of nations, their names are reverently breathed by the side of a thousand loving hearth-stones, and generations of little ones are taught of the noble ones whose whole lives through proclaimed the sublimity of a silent yet ardent nature.

The deepest and most unutterable joy can find no words, therefore is *silent*; but we behold it giving luster to the eye and vermilion to the cheek, and it sits in tremulous tenderness upon the lips. Also the agony of sorrow is known to be greatest at the hour when it becomes speechless and motionless. This strange element is converted to use because of its strength and power and beauty of expression—useful in the pauses of a song—rendering the effect that no harmony of sound could then or there produce. The notes glide down from the roar of battle-fields, through avenues of Summer aisles, and we are transported from stormy shores to the land of perpetual peace by the angel of rest—the floating, dying angel of silence.

TEARS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean—
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the outer world
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark Summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly glows a glimmering square
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

LOOSE LEAVES.

BY ROSE MATTHEWS.

LEAF FIRST.

"In the beginning."

HERE I sit under the shadow of the Summer leaves, with the sun slanting through like great golden arrows.

Save a murmur ever and anon sweeping through 'the trees there is no sound. If I were weary, I'm quite sure rest and peace would come to me here. I wonder if there is any home in all the world so flooded with sweet human love and sympathy as this old gabled-roof home of ours.

The minister thinks it's God's love that makes the place so cheery and bright, but I do n't.

I write it here without any reserve, that God does n't seem to me to be love, but harshness and justice.

It's human sympathy that makes the world so glad. Once I remember stealing away into the garret on a Summer's day—how the sun came darting through a thousand tiny peep-holes, making the very spider-webs seem like cloth of gold! I wonder if when our lives are full of good words and gentle charities they do n't seem to God as the poor little black webs seemed to me, cloth of gold? I'm not going to talk or write any thing about God, however, because I do n't like people that are always filling their conversation up with something they know nothing of.

From where I sit I can see my mother as she flits from trunk to trunk. Tom's going away to school in the morning. There, mother is just putting in his Sunday suit of beautiful home-made brown. He says it makes him feel just like a prince to wear such beautiful-fitting clothes, and I'm sure I feel as happy as a princess, and we all wonder if every body won't think of them just as we do!

What visions we have of the coming days! Tom's going to be an artist and paint a Madonna for his master-piece. Not like the bread and butter Madonnas that I've seen staring at you with great, meaningless eyes; but one with sad, prophetic vision looking far into the future, and seeing the darkened day and uplifted cross for the little child. I think it will look very much as mother does.

I'm going to be an authoress. Not that I have the trick of stringing ideas together like pearls on silver threads, but I must say something. How indignant I was to-day when the

minister said, after talking with Tom about his profession, "Which will you be, a school-teacher or a milliner?" Suppose he had said, "Thomas, my son, will you be a tailor or a copyist?" Would n't every body see the absurdity of the thing? Yet I do n't like to hear people, particularly ladies, talk about their God-given powers, as if all power was n't God-given. Such people only retard progress.

I like to see a life in such perfect harmony that it is strong indeed as the cedars of Lebanon, lofty as the mountains of the Lord, and carries with it an influence as irresistible as the force of mighty floods. I know of such a life, and so does the great world—the life of a woman who sings above now in divine numbers.

How delighted Tom is with his letter of recommendation! I never did like any thing of that sort, though; it seemed just like a beggar's ticket, and I always feel like a beggar when I present one.

Poor children, the minister said to-day, the world is full of unrest, and you have nothing but dreams with which to encounter its dread unbelief and doubt! What makes the minister and a great many other good people constantly talk about such dreary themes? I never think of such things; but it must be because I do n't like to think of God. If ever I'm religious I'm going to have little windows where my Christianity is kept, so that I sha' n't get morbid.

That will be away in the future. How the great hereafter stretches out for me and Tom, and how I fill it up! The present is a little jutting plain on which we stand, and leaning far over I see the bright uplands of the coming days. The sky is spanned with the bow of promise, the lands are full of blossoms which, expanding and forever expanding, wax into goodly trees, blessing with their shade noon travelers! How full the days shall be of noble deeds! Mother says of such stuff dreams are made. May be. I can't think but that God respects us all the more for these same dreams. Some people are so painfully resigned as to the hereafter, it really makes me feel quite uncomfortable to be with them, they trust every thing so implicitly in the hands of Providence!

Tom says he thinks that God even admires Satan for his bold spirit. We enjoy reading Milton's "Paradise Lost" because the writer makes him seem to possess such a bold and lofty character. I wonder what such men as Milton and St. Paul do in heaven! Why, of course the women do not keep silent *there*, and that must trouble poor St. Paul very much!

I suppose God has a dwelling-place for him

in some remote corner, where he can not hear the pure soprano when the great choir sings. That's my mother's voice. I must stop writing.

—
LEAF SECOND.

"And darkness covered the face of the whole earth."

How well I remember my thoughts to-night, when Tom left home four years ago! What a future was to be ours! but the coming days are ever being woven into the past, and nothing of all our hopes are realized! Drifting, drifting! Yes, that's the word! Life is a turbid stream on which no quickening breezes ever blow. We are cast on it and sail whither we will.

I know what doubt means now, and unrest too. Sometimes it almost seems to me as if God were cruel. O, so cruel to make us live! O, this living, this thinking! If one could only stop the busy wheels just for a moment, and rest; but to be compelled to live, to think, from day to day, with leaden skies above, and for sweet human sympathy nothing but ashes! And God is so far removed I never can make him seem like a friend.

Then He is only interested in one in a general way, and to think that all the ages have been, and will be full of just such weary souls! Does God give us all our thoughts, our sensibilities, only to mock us? Sometimes when I feel thus, I can tell what hell means, where with burning feet weary ones forever walk, crying, "Lord, have mercy! Christ, have mercy!" I do n't think it could be more dreadful to dwell forever in hell than to live oppressed with doubt and unrest. May be Tom can explain these things to me. Dear Tom! he came home last week. How proud we all are to think of him graduating! I was half afraid when I saw him on the platform that he would be so glad to see us all he'd forget himself, but no.

I do n't think he'd like to have me speak of the beautiful home-made brown coat he wore when he left home, but I thought of it frequently, and the shiny one he wears now is n't half so tasty to me as the one mother made years ago for him. Tom seems just a little bit shy of us all now because we're not fashionable. I think mother notices it too, for to-day I saw her darn ing socks, and there was a tear in her eye. Yes, I'm quite sure of it; but when I spoke about it, she said it was only the smoke, and yet the fire was out. Tom dresses so well now, and we're all so glad of it!

I did n't like what he said about mother to-day, though. He was afraid her influence in

the Sunday school was n't half what it would be if she were more stylish, and he did wish she would stay away. O Tom, you have an expressive way of saying dear Jesus, but you do n't feel it! Your life is only peppered and salted on the *surface* with religion; it is n't seasoned all the way through.

I sometimes feel quite dreary when I think of his growing away from us all, as I'm quite sure he is doing. I wonder if Providence designed that culture should lead people away from their home friends. I think I'll go on a mission; but girls always talk about missionary schemes when life does n't seem particularly inviting to them.

We never talk of the future now; and if Tom were to paint a Madonna, it would not be the sad-eyed mother of our early days, but a proud, revengeful woman, with eyes full of passion. Why do we lose the freshness of our lives so early? We can't all be made into smooth verse; there will be little defects here and feet wanting there to make the meter perfect.

The expression of some lives is so grand that I turn to them almost with reverence! I wonder, though, if such people were ever tempted as I am? No, God gives them all rest; but they must know something about such things, or how could they write as they do? Poets and artists, mother says, should be God's best men, because they give tone to the age in which they live.

I have often watched the waves as they beat up and up. What liquid gold floods them all when the sun slants to the west! Just so we common people make an age look brilliant with the light reflected from our great characters.

I wish Tom could be such a man; he's going into the army to-morrow—I shall stay at home and do scornful little services. A woman's work is made up of such little odds and ends that there is always something to be done before it's finished. I have n't any doubt but that when we get to heaven God will find it necessary to patch it up a little before it can be put along side of man's work.

After all life is such a mockery, and I write it here without any reserve, that living is very nothingness, utter wretchedness and doubt. I wish God were n't so far away, I'd like to tell him about these things; but that would n't make any difference. It is n't his love that satisfies us and makes the world seem so beautiful; and after all beauty does n't satisfy us. The ineffable light that shall beam on us hereafter will only make more clear this truth, that God is not the fullness of life.

All these things seem clear to Tom because

he's studied so much. It's so easy for him to account for every thing, but I can't understand them as he does.

—
LEAF THIRD.

"God said, Let there be light, and there was light."

Have I solved the mystery? Is this life clear and solemn? I know what the expression means now, "God is love."

How strange that I should have been so long in finding it out! Why, the groves are whispering it! The trees are waving it from branch to branch; the great sea is echoing it from world to world, and the vast universe chants it as it circles forever around the eternal throne of God.

There is no mystery with Tom now. Remembering his early dreams, he said to me on that morning, "I shall never paint a Madonna, but I shall soon stand in the presence of mother and child." He knows now the expression of the sad mother-face. Tom is dead.

I shall never be an authoress, and make common things seem uncommon, but my life will be full of what I used to call scornful service, but it doesn't seem this now. Life is sweet, and I think if it were full to the brim of services ever so small, God would be pleased with it.

So would I live, so would I wish my friends to live, that when the conviction of what we have been, and what we are shall flash across us, this which was written here of a pure soul, shall be penciled in words of living light on heaven's arches.

"First a jasper, second a sapphire, third a chalcedony; the rest in order, and last an amethyst."

—
PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

—
BY REV. E. DAVIES.

CHRIST, in his Divine nature, possessed the perfection of God; but as a man he was made perfect through suffering. It seems that such is the constitution of human nature, that perfection in the physical, mental, or moral deportment of man, can only be attained by a process of suffering. Christ suffered from hunger, endured poverty, was subject to temptation of the devil forty days and forty nights; he was rejected and persecuted by the very persons he came to save, till, having clamored for his blood, they nailed him to the cross, and thus he suffered, the just for the unjust; but such was the perfection of his patience and love, that with his dying breath he prayed for his murderers. And thus it was suitable or

became the nature of Him, "for whom are all things" as their ultimate end, and "by whom are all things" as their sole Creator, "in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation *perfect through suffering*." And now it is a great consolation to the suffering saint, that we have a High-Priest over the house of God who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, for he was "in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

In the Scriptures it is plainly taught "that many are the afflictions of the righteous," and "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth;" and "if ye endure chastening God dealeth with you as with sons." So that our suffering is a sign of our sonship. For "if ye be without chastisement whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons."

But experience plainly teaches the same. By this process Noah became perfect in practical obedience in preparing an ark for the saving of his house. By this Abraham became the father of the faithful, and the mighty soul of Moses became an embodiment of meekness, by the provocations he endured of the children of Israel. The poverty and persecution of Elijah led him to such perfect communion with God, that he could shut or open heaven at his pleasure, till he was translated soul and body to his glorious home. The bitter pains of his fierce tormentors tended to perfect Daniel in his piety and fidelity. And in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews we have an inspired summing up of the perfections and sufferings of the Old Testament saints. "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy;) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." In the new dispensation the saints, like their Master and model, are made perfect in the same manner. These are the means that Infinite Wisdom takes to fit his people for usefulness here, and for glory hereafter.

Luther's experience was of the same import. Who could suffer more than this mighty man, from either earth or hell? Kings, princes, popes, cardinals, and councils, were at war with him, still through the whole he suffered on, and attained a degree of perfection which few have realized.

St. Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed Homer of orators, was sent into exile by the sanction of Arcadius, and at the will of the Empress Eudoxia, but he returned with new arrows in

the quiver of his eloquence. Bossuet, one of the greatest pulpit orators of France, in the seventeenth century, excited by contradiction, communicated the agitation of his genius to his writings. He took the thunder from the hands of the Most High, and overturned at his feet monarchs and empires." Young, the author of the celebrated "Night Thoughts," "bending under the weight of his sorrows, formed the whole universe into a mountain of ruins, and eclipsed the august luminary of nature before the gloomy torch of death." But we shall find that secular history affirms this truth.

Homer penned his marvelous, if not unequaled, poetry amid a life of wretchedness; Lucretius, the Roman knight and poet, "published his thoughts amid a life of most terrible misfortunes;" Cicero, the most celebrated Roman orator, had his eloquence kindled by the torch of discord; Demosthenes, the Grecian orator, "launched his thunders because he heard them around him;" Tacitus, "the greatest painter of antiquity, and the first historian who applied the science of philosophy to the study of facts," "felt his genius awake at the sound of the chains under which the universe groaned from the time that Rome acknowledged tyrants;" Tasso, the great lyrical poet, attained a higher perfection by the death of his father, and his numerous misfortunes; Milton, "amid the engagements of earthly factions, transports to the heights of heaven those combats which depopulated his country, and the faction of the citizen produced the sublime poet."

The same truth holds good as to the perfection of philosophers. Descartes, the reformer of philosophy, while in persecution, "broke the old machine of the universe and formed a new one;" for he set aside the empiric philosophy of England and the Aristotlian scholastics, and adopted the mathematical method of reasoning; Galileo, a Tuscan mathematician, "weighed the elements in the bottom of his dungeon, and astonished nature received his laws," for he brought forth the Copernican system.

It has well been said, "Genius alone is free in the midst of fetters. Peace corrupts people and precipitates them to sleep. Agitation renews the youth of empires, and conducts them toward their grandeur. The majesty of virtue appears then in the eyes of the people."

Let Christians remember that "heavy afflictions, when sanctified by the grace of God, are the best benefactors to heavenly affections: and where afflictions hang heaviest corruptions hang loosest, and grace that is hid in nature is then most fragrant, when the fire of affliction is put under to distill it."

THE TWO WORLDS.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain—
Whose magic joys we shall not see again;
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.
Ah, truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air—
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of
Evermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath
Whose love has yielded since to change or death;
The mother kissed her child, whose days are o'er.
Alas! too soon have fled
The irreclaimable dead:
We see them—visions strange—amid the
Evermore.

The merry song some maiden used to sing—
The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay cold: to the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
From that long-faded land—the realm of
Evermore.

It is perpetual Summer there. But here
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow floor;
For brighter bells and bluer,
For tender hearts and truer,
People that happy land—the realm of
Evermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land,
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand;
What realm lies FORWARD with its happier store
Of forest green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'T is the land
Of Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem—
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—
Its woods, unruffled by the wild wind's roar;
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge.
One moment—and we breathe within the
Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe—
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carol-
ings soar;
Eternal peace have they:
God wipes their tears away;
They drink that river of life which flows from
Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim;
But lo, the wide wings of the Seraphim
Shine in the sunset? On that joyous shore
Our lighted hearts shall know
The life of long ago;
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for
Evermore.

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The Children's Repository.

THE BROKEN DISH.

BY CAROLINE S. THORPE.

IT was a bright sunny morning. A gentle shower had fallen during the previous night, clothing all nature in garments pure and new. Each tiny flower, glistening with crystal drops and rustling in the breeze, seemed whispering, "our Father clothes the lilies of the field." Blithely the birds sent forth glad songs as if in thanks for tender care through the night that was passed. Surely they knew God careth for the birds, and not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his knowledge. Surely, the world so full of love and beauty, was no fit place for fretfulness and discontent just then. Yet little Mary Austin thought otherwise, judging by the ugly scowl which disfigured her face, and by the rough manner in which she cleared the breakfast table, rattling the cups and plates in a way which threatened destruction to some of them, twitching off the cloth so as to scatter crumbs upon the nice clean floor, and even giving puss a kick with her foot, when, unmindful of her young mistress' sulky mood, she rubbed against her dress, purring and coaxing for a pleasant word. Poor kitty was glad to escape from so cloudy an atmosphere, out into the bright sunshine. Could Mary have done so too, the cloud of sulks hanging over her would quickly have been scattered. But her mother requiring assistance in her morning's work, had desired her to remove the dishes from the table and wash them before going into the garden, as she had planned to do. We shall see what came of so reasonable a request. All that was unamiable in the little girl's nature seemed to spring up and rebel against it; nor did she try to check the evil spirit, but shutting out all the sunshine from her heart, went about her work muttering, "'Tis too bad, I wanted so much to weed my pinks this morning, and now I must stay in the house and wash these hateful old dishes." Presently she carelessly let fall one of these same hateful dishes as she termed them, and it was broken in many pieces upon the floor. Instantly the sullen, angry look gave place to one of fear, for Mary greatly feared her mother's displeasure. What should she do? She gathered up the scattered fragments, and hearing some one approaching hastily thrust them into her pocket. Now, when the first step in

deceit has been taken, the second ever comes easy; so when her mother entered the room, although Mary was very unhappy at heart, she put on a most cheerful face; and moving very softly that the rattling of the fragments might not call her mother's attention to her pocket, soon finished her task, and received the desired permission to go into the garden.

But the pinks which so much needed her attention were entirely forgotten now. She gave not even a passing glance to the pretty bright flowers. All her thoughts were centered upon one thing, what she should do with the broken dish. She wished she had told her mother all about it in the first place. But now it was too late, for Mrs. Austin would surely ask why she had concealed it in her pocket, and what answer could she make? At last she resolved to say nothing about it, but hide it where it would never be found. So digging a hole in the corner of the garden she placed the fragments within, and carefully covered them with the sod. Well would it have been for the little girl's peace of mind if she could have buried the memory of it also. But when we allow ourselves to be led into sin, its haunting shadow ever hovers around us till we confess and seek forgiveness. Mary had buried the dish deep under ground, but all day long it seemed to follow her wherever she went. At school she could not forget it; in consequence her lessons were imperfect, and she was obliged to stop and study alone, while all the other children were having a nice game just in front of the windows. O, how she did long to be out there with them! But before the half hour was over they had left the common.

It was with a sad heart that Mary returned home at night, for the broken dish still hung over her like a dark cloud. Her mother had missed it, and when she asked her if she could tell her where it was, Mary answered, "no," but she trembled, and looked so pale, Mrs. Austin was alarmed, and asked, "Why, what is the matter, are you sick?"

"No," answered Mary, "only tired."

Alas! poor child, she was tired of bearing a sin-sick conscience; she had borne it all day, and now when night came made the burden heavier by adding falsehood to it. Darkness, which hid from her eyes God's beautiful world, could not hide her sin, it seemed to stand out clearer before her. As she lay upon her bed, conscience whispered, "Go and tell mother all about it, you will feel so much better." "I can not," sobbed Mary. "O, what shall I do! I wish I could go to sleep and forget all about it." But sleep, the friend of the innocent, ever shuns the guilty. An hour later, when her mother,

according to her custom, looked in upon her, she was surprised to find her with eyes wide open, and traces of tears upon her cheeks.

"Why, what is the matter?" she asked, "are you sick?"

"No," answered Mary, "I'm not sick."

"Something is the matter, for you have been weeping; will you not tell mother all about it?" said Mrs. Austin.

Mary hid her face in the pillow and burst into tears. Mrs. Austin seated herself by the bed, and, soothing her with gentle words, soon drew from the repentant child the whole story. Mary begged her mother to forgive her, adding, "O, I have been so unhappy! All day the broken dish has been before me."

Mrs. Austin, thinking the unhappiness she had suffered a sufficient punishment, freely forgave her, but asked, "Is there not some one else you have sinned against? What commandment did you break in concealing the accident, and by the fretful, careless manner in which you performed the duties I had desired of you?"

"Honor thy father and mother," answered Mary.

"Yes," said her mother, "and in breaking God's commandment you have dishonored him. Let us ask his forgiveness." So, kneeling down, she prayed that God would forgive her erring child, would help her to walk in the strait and narrow path, that the lesson she had that day learned might not be in vain, but might lead her to shun the thorny road of falsehood and deceit.

This was Mary's first and last lesson in falsehood; learned at the sacrifice of so much happiness, she never forgot it. By it, too, she learned to perform, carefully and cheerfully, whatever duties were assigned her.

Dear children, we have told this story of the broken dish, hoping that by it you too may learn to shun the road of sin. If once you enter the rough path, thorns instead of flowers will spring to meet you.

THE PEA PLANT AND WHAT IT DID.

ONCE upon a time there lived a little boy in one of the towns of Germany. I do not know his name; but that does not matter, as it is not about him that my story is to be told. All I have to say about him is that he had a pop-gun. One day he went into the garden and gathered a pod of peas; then he opened it, and inside were five peas, ranged side by side as peas are found.

"Now, for my pop-gun," said the boy; "here

goes, follow who can;" and one after another off went all the peas. What became of the other four is of no consequence to us; but the fifth pea was shot up high in the air, and then it came down and lodged in a little crevice filled up with moss, just under a garret window. There it lay imbedded in that soft green moss. God knew where the tiny seed lay, and he had special work for it to do.

If you could have looked inside that garret window you would have seen a small, humble room; very comfortless you would have thought it, with its sloping roof and bare floor; but it was very clean and tidy for all that. A widow woman lived there, who earned her living by cutting up wood for ovens; but she was very poor, and had to work hard, going out at early dawn and not coming back till evening.

All day long, while she was away, her one child, Gretchen, lay sick upon her little bed. She had had a little sister once, but she had died about a year ago, and ever since that Gretchen had been losing her appetite and her strength, till at last she had grown so weak she could not rise from her bed. Her poor mother began to fear she should be left altogether childless. She did not know that, pent up in that small, close room, her child was pining for fresh air and sunshine, and she would say, "Ah! she is going to her sister in heaven; she can not be happy apart, and so God will take her, too; but I would like to keep her with me if I might."

Yet still the little girl lived on. I do not know what she thought about all those long hours while her mother was away; whether she thought of the blue sky and the green fields where merry children were playing, or whether she had ever been to a Sunday school, and could say hymns and texts to herself to beguile the time; but I think they must have been happy thoughts, or she would not have lain there so quietly and peacefully. She looked such a pale, patient little creature, you would have loved her if you had seen her.

One fine Spring morning, when her mother, as usual, was stirring early, and the sunshine was getting as much of itself as it could through the narrow window, Gretchen turned her head wearily toward it, and as she did so something caught her eye. "Mother," she said, "I see something green peeping in at the window. Look! it moves in the wind; what is it?"

Her mother went to the window and opened it. "Sure enough, it is something green," she said. "Why, it is a little pea plant, springing out of a crack in the window-ledge where there is a bit of soft earth. How could it have got there?"

We know how it was, so we are not so surprised as they were. "Here is a tiny garden for you to tend, my child," she continued; and then she drew the sick daughter's bed close under the window, where she might see the plant; and away she went to her daily work.

"Mother," said Gretchen, in the evening, "do you know, I feel much better? I have been watching the little plant all day enjoying the sunshine, and I think I shall get well and be able to lie in the sunshine too."

"God grant it, my child," said the mother; and she thanked God in her heart for sending the plant to put such a hope into her child's heart; but she did not hope herself. Yet she put a little stick to support the plant, and she tied a piece of thread across the window for its tendrils to twine round; and this was for Gretchen's sake.

Gretchen day after day lay at the window, eagerly watching the plant as it grew and thrived in the balmy air, till by degrees the anxious mother could not but see the child was stronger; yes, she was certainly stronger. O, how anxiously she watched lest the improvement should not continue!

"Well, who would have thought it?" she cried one morning, when she went as usual to look at the seedling: "there is a blossom upon it. It will soon be in the flower;" and Gretchen clapped her little hands with delight. A week after this she sat up for the first time a whole hour. The window was open, the warm sunshine streamed in, and in full blossom outside stood the tended flower.

"God has given thee back thy life, and has given me hope and joy, my blessed child," said the thankful mother. And, while the maiden bent down and kissed its tender leaves, the flower seemed to smile back lovingly upon her, as if it knew that God had sent it. It was a happy day in that humble home. And before the flower had faded Gretchen stood at the garret window with beaming eyes, the roses blooming upon her once pale cheeks; and as she spread her gentle hands over it she thanked God, who had given the fragile plant to restore health and life.

Now, as you have read this pretty story, I think one thought must have risen up in your minds, "Who would have supposed such a small lowly plant could have been so useful?" and that is just what I wanted you to think, for that will lead us on to another thought; namely, that not one of you is too lowly to be a help to others. I am sure if the plant had had a voice it would have said, "What good can I do? I, a poor, weak, clinging thing; why, I can

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not even stand up by myself; how is it possible that I can ever help any body else?" And do you know you are just like the pea plant, just as weak and helpless; but for all that, God can make you useful to others, and he will show you how, if you will only ask him.

You know God does not expect grown-up people's work from little children, but he does expect that you should begin to do something to show your love to him. Are there no sick people you can cheer by a smile or a kind word, or some little act of love? It is wonderful how much these little things cheer the sick, yea, and the strong ones too. You do not know what a help a bright and lovely child is to the elders of a family. I think God gives to every child a special work, and that work is to be a little bit of sunshine in the house. Dear children, when you think you are too small to be of any use, ask yourselves whether you are sunbeams to your fathers, and mothers, and friends. *That* was what God meant you to be.

WORK FOR ALL TO DO.

BY MERIBA A. BABCOCK.

THERE 's work for e'en the tiny stream
That ripples through the glade;
That winds along in happy song
Through sunshine and through shade;
See how it laves with fresh'ning waves
The fragile, drooping flowers,
Then hastes away to join the play
Of softly-falling showers.

There 's work for all in Nature's hall,
Of living, moving things,
For bird and bee, that, ever free,
Employ their tiny wings.
There 's work for those who idly doze
And dream their time away,
Who never brought a dormant thought
To lively, active play.

The heathen lands to busy hands
A thousand blessings owe;
They could not love the God above,
Nor serve him here below,
Had they not heard his holy Word
From those who kindly went,
And freely spread the living bread
Which busy hands have sent!

Each little heart that acts its part
In kindly deeds of love,
That earnest pleads for all misdeeds
Forgiveness from above,
Will never stray from virtue's way,
But ever keep in view
That "Satan will find mischief still
For idle hands to do."

"IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE."

LITTLE Nellie, when going to bed one night, was saying the sweet prayer "Now I lay me down to sleep," and after getting through the second line, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep," she closed her eyes and fell asleep, saying, "I guess the Lord knows the rest, I'll go to sleep."

Ah! how many *would* not and *could* not thus go to sleep, if they felt in their heart what the lips say in the third line of that prayer, "If I should die before I wake."

Ah! that "If." A young friend writing to me and thinking of this says: "I lay awake all Saturday night thinking about my sins. I thought if I should go to sleep I might die and be lost. 'Die before I wake.' What then, either to open the eyes in eternity and look in the face of a smiling Jesus, or, as the rich man of whom Christ says, 'And in hell he lifted up his eyes.'"

Little Willie's mother, being in a hurry, put him to bed one night without prayer.

"Are you asleep, brother," said he.

"No," was the reply.

"Let us get up and pray then."

"Why, it's all dark, Willie."

"Never mind, we will take hold of each other's hand, and then we won't mind the dark, and you know God can see as plainly as if it were light."

"But it's cold," said Frank.

"We'll soon get warm when we get back into bed. Will you come, brother?"

"Mother said it was no matter, she said she'd hear us in the morning."

"May be God will not take care of us till morning if we do not ask him, brother. Will you come?"

"Mother knows best," said Frank, "and she said never mind."

After awhile Frank asked, "Where are you, Willie?"

"By the bed, brother, I will pray for you too."

Coming to bed again, Willie said, "I wish you prayed too, but I asked God to take care of you to-night, and I think he will. Brother, if I should die to-night I would not be afraid, I don't think it's hard to die."

"I do, I never want to die. I don't believe they have any kites or tops in heaven," said Frank.

"But nurse says the angels have crowns of gold, and harps, and they play such beautiful music."

"I would rather spin my top, than play tunes on a harp," said Frank.

"It is praising God. O, brother, if you would

only pray, you would love to praise him. I do not mean just to say your prayers after mother or nurse, but to ask God for what you want just as you do papa or mamma, and to beg him to make you good. O, how I wish papa and mamma, and you would learn to pray so!"

The next morning mother asked, "Where is Willie?"

"He is asleep yet, I spoke to him, but he did not wake," said Frank.

"Then I will keep some breakfast warm for him, I do not think Willie is well."

After telling a strange dream, Frank said, "When I awoke his eyes were only half closed, that made me think at first that he was awake, and his lips were parted. I whispered 'Willie, Willie,' but it did not wake him. Then I laid my hand on him, but he was so cold. So when I found he did not get warm all night, I put the bed-clothes tight around him, and did not try to wake him again."

A strange story this. The mother's heart understood it. She ran to Willie's bedroom, and found him cold and pale in death.

He lay down to sleep—and woke in heaven.

A ROUGH DIAMOND.

WALKING down the street we saw two very ragged boys with bare toes, red and shining, and tattered clothes upon which the soil of long wear lay thick and dingy. They were "few and far between"—only jacket and trousers—and these solitary garments were very unneighborly, and objected to a union, however strongly the Autumn wind hinted at the comfort of such an arrangement. One of the boys was perfectly jubilant over a half-withered bunch of flowers some person had cast away. "I say, Billy, warn't somebody real good to drop these ere posies jest where I could find 'em, and these so pooty and nice? Look sharp, Billy, and may be you'll find something bimeby—O, jolly! Billy, if here ain't most half a peach, and tain't much dirty neither. Cause you hain't got no peach, you may bite first. *Bite bigger*, Billy, may be we'll find another 'fore long."

That boy was not cold, nor poor, and never will be; his heart will keep him warm, and if men and women forsake him the very angels will feed him, and fold their wings about him. "Bite bigger, Billy, may be we'll find another 'fore long." What a hopeful little soul! If he finds his unselfishness illy repaid, he will not turn misanthrope, for God made him to be a man, one to bear his own burdens uncomplainingly, and help his fellows besides.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

A PUBLIC BENEFACITOR.—He who has no regard for the appearance of his own premises, not only sinks the value of his own property, but depreciates the value of the property of his neighbors. No one likes to live in the sight of ugliness. On the other hand, he who makes his own home attractive, contributes to the rising value of all the region around him. He is thus a public benefactor, contributing not merely to the gratification of the taste of those who look upon his improvements, but adding to the real marketable value of the property in his vicinity.

Do not think that we are here urging expense upon those who are ill able to afford it. No man is so poor but that he can have a flowering shrub in his yard. No man is so poor but that he can plant a few trees before his dwelling. No man is so poor, that he must have his pig-sty at his front-door. We only contend that every man should exercise that taste which God has given to him. And though we may not be able to vie with the rich in the grandeur of our dwellings, the lowliest cottage may be embellished with loveliness, and the hand of industry and of neatness may make it a home full of attractions. Let there once be formed in the heart of man an appreciation of the beautiful, and the work is done. Year after year, with no additional expense, the scene around him will be assuming new aspects of beauty.

Say not, I am not the owner of house or lands, and, therefore, I have nothing to do. All are but tenants-at-will. We are all soon to leave, to return no more. Wherever you dwell, even if it be in your own hired house but one short year, be sure and leave your impress behind you—be sure and leave some memorial that you have been there. The benevolent man will love to plant a tree beneath whose shade the children of strangers are to play. It does the heart good to sow the seed, when it is known that other lips than yours shall eat the fruit.

Neither think that this is a question without its moral issues. The love of home is one of the surest safeguards of human virtue, and he who makes home so pleasant that his children love it, that in all the wanderings of subsequent life they turn to it with delight, does very much to guide their steps away from all the haunts of dissipation, and to form in them a taste for those joys which are most ennobling.

AN ARGUMENT FOR MARRIAGE.—Powers, the sculptor, writing to a friend of what people call the folly of marrying without the means to support a family, expresses frankly his own fears when he found himself in this very position; but he adds with characteristic

candor: "To tell the truth, however, family and poverty have done more to support me than I have to support them. They have compelled me to make exertions that I hardly thought myself capable of; and often, when on the eve of despairing, they have forced me, like a coward in a corner, to fight like a hero, not for myself, but for my wife and little ones. I have now as much work to do as I can execute, unless I can find some more assistance in the marble, and I have a prospect of further commissions." The truth here expressed by the gifted sculptor is like a similar remark we heard not long since by a gentleman from Boston, who tried matrimony in the same way, and found afterward that the loose change in his pocket, which he had before squandered in "foolish notions"—young men's whims, as he called them—was enough to support a prudent wife, who, by well-regulated economy, has proved a fortune in herself, and had saved a snug sum of money for her once careless husband. "A wife to direct a man toward a proper ambition and to a general economy," he said, "was like timely succor at sea, to save him from destruction on a perilous voyage."

HOW TO TREAT A WIFE.—First, get a wife; secondly, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world; but do not, therefore, carry to your home a cloudy or contracted brow. Your wife may have many trials, which, though of less magnitude, may have been as hard to bear. A kind, conciliating word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in open air, fanned by heaven's cool breezes; but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails, and her spirits lose their elasticity. But O! bear with her; she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger; but which your tenderness can deprive of all their anguish. Notice kindly her efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them all as a matter of course, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference, if you would not sear and palsy her heart, which, watered by kindness, would, to the last day of your existence, throb with constant and sincere affection. Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. She has preferences as strong as you, and it may be just as trying to her to yield her choice as to you. Do you think it hard to yield sometimes? Think you it is not as difficult for her to give up always? If you never yield to her wishes, there is danger that she will think you are

selfish, and care only for yourself; and with such feelings she can not love as she might. Again, show yourself manly, so that your wife may look up to you, and feel that you will act nobly, and that she can confide in your judgment.

RULES FOR LADIES.—1. Marry not a profane man, because the depravity of his heart will corrupt your children and embitter your existence.

2. Marry not a gambler, a tippler, or a haunter of taverns, because he who has no regard for himself will never have any for his wife.

3. Marry not a man who makes it a practice to attend horse-races, frolics, etc., because he who sees no harm in doing this, will soon see no harm in taking a dram, and he who sees no harm in taking a dram, will soon see no harm in doing things still worse.

4. Marry not a man who makes promises which he never performs, because you can never trust him.

5. Marry not a man whose actions do not correspond with his sentiments, because the passions have dethroned reason, and he is prepared to commit every crime to which an evil nature unrestrained can instigate him. The state of that man who regards not his own ideas of right and wrong is deplorable, and the less you have to do with him the better.

6. Marry not a man who is in the habit of running after all the girls in the country, because the affections are continually wavering, and, therefore, can never be permanent.

7. Marry not a man who neglects his business, because if he does so when single, he will do worse when married.

OVERWORK.—Unwise above many is the man who considers every hour lost which is not spent in reading, writing, or in study, and not more rational is she who thinks every moment of her time lost which does not find her sewing. We once heard a man advise that a book of some kind be carried in the pocket, to be used in case of an unoccupied moment—such was his practice. He died early and fatuous. There are women who, after a hard day's work, will sit and sew by candle or gas-light till their eyes are almost blinded, or till certain pains about the shoulders come on, which are almost insupportable, and are only driven to bed by physical incapacity to work any longer. The sleep of the overworked, like that of those who do not work at all, is unsatisfying and unrefreshing, and both alike wake up in weariness, sadness, and languor, with an inevitable result, both dying prematurely.

Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired, he ought to lie down till he is fully rested, when, with renovated strength, the work will be better done, done the sooner, and done with a self-sustained alacrity. The time taken from seven or eight hours' sleep out of each twenty-four is time not gained, but time much more than lost; we can cheat ourselves, but we can not cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary to a healthy body, but if less than that amount be furnished, decay commences the very hour. It is the same with sleep; any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires will only hasten his arrival to the mad-house or the grave.

INFLUENCE OF DRESS.—Dress has more to do with morals than many people imagine. With female purity

it certainly has, and in this matter the sex can not be too rigid and particular. Men judge as much or more of a woman's character from the dress than from any thing else. A female can dress with neatness and yet with modesty, though sometimes they do neither. And here we may remark, that few men, even the greatest libertines, will dare attack female virtue, unless some impropriety of dress, or conduct, or conversation, shall have given the first encouragement. The remark may be humiliating, but still we are confident of its truth. A dress, low in the neck and bosom, has ruined many a female, who meant only to comply with the demands of fashion. There have been and still are several modes equally improper and indelicate, but we will not mention them. A mind sensibly alive to true delicacy will readily perceive and avoid them. But some women say it is the fashion, and we had as well be out of the world as out of fashion. To such we reply, which do you prefer, infamy or fashion? If you think the sacrifice of modesty to fashion recommends you to the virtuous of the other sex, suffer us to tell you that you err most egregiously. Nothing can be more false. On the contrary, such a sacrifice makes you the object of pursuit to the libertine, and of aversion to the sensible and the virtuous. If fashion be modest and becoming, adopt it—if not, avoid it.

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.—It is perfectly natural for all women to be handsome. If they are not so, the fault lies in their birth, or in their training, or in both. We would, therefore, respectfully remind mothers that in Poland a period of childhood is recognized. There may be found beautiful women. These girls do not jump from infancy to womanhood. They are not sent from the cradle directly to the drawing-room to dress, sit still, and look pretty. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They take sunshine as does the flower. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed in every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be much admired for their much clothing. Plain, simple food, free and varied exercise, and good mental culture, during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after-life. American mothers should heed these facts, and, in the training of their girls, remember that the beauty so much desired can only be made enduring through obedience to Nature's unerring laws, with which they can easily become familiar.

GOOD ADVICE.—William Wirt's letter to his daughter on the "small, sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned: "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody—no, not he, because nobody cared for him. And the whole world would serve you so, if you gave them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them the small courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is still to please, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing."

WITTY AND WISE.

DRINKING BY THE ACRE.—"Come in and take a drink, eh?" said Tim M'Moran to John Nokes, as the latter was returning weary and worn from his day's labor.

"No," replied Nokes, "I've made up my mind that I can do better with *land* than to drink it."

"Who's asked you to drink *land*, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I find that every time I drink sixpence worth of liquor, I drink more than a good square yard of land, worth three hundred dollars an acre. Here it is fair and square on the back of my spade."

John quickly put down the figures with a bit of chalk on the back of his spade, thus:

"An't there four thousand, eight hundred and sixty square yards in an acre, and at the rate of six and a quarter cents per square yard, would n't an acre cost \$303 85? And so every sixpence you take in drink is equal to a square yard of land, worth three hundred dollars per acre. Is n't it so?"

SNAPPING AT A SCOLD.—A good woman had a neighbor who used to visit her for the purpose of getting up a quarrel. To get rid of her she resorted to a novel method. When the first hard word dropped from the scold's lips she looked hard at the fire, snapped the tongs, and made no reply. The scold poured out a volley of abuse. The good woman snapped the tongs again. Another volley. Another snap. "Won't you speak?" said the scold. Snap went the tongs. "Speak!" said the scold. Snap. "Do speak or I shall burst," said the scold, and away she went, cured by the silent snapping of the tongs.

Moral.—It takes two talkers to make a quarrel.

ONLY ME.—A lady had two children—both girls. The elder was a fair child; the younger a beauty, and the mother's pet. The elder was neglected, while "sweet"—the pet name of the younger—received every attention that love could bestow.

One day, after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlor, when she heard a childish step on the stairs, and her thoughts were instantly with the favorite.

"Is that you, sweet?" she inquired.

"No, mamma," was the sad and touching reply, "it is n't sweet, it's only me."

The mother's heart smote her; and from that hour, "only me" was restored to an equal place in her affections.

FATHER AND SON.—The following letter was written by a father to his son in college:

My Dear Son,—I write to send you new socks, which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely, I kept back half, and only send you five. Your own mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teaching; if you do not you are a donkey, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents.

THE LATEST STYLE.—One of our contributors says: "The most exquisite burlesque on the little bonnets of the ladies was made in our milliner's shop the other day. A man from the country, and his fat, matronly wife were looking at them, when, as we all have done, the lady objected to the size. "Never mind," said the man, with irresistible drollery; "take it, mother, it will do for the baby another year."

EQUIVOCAL.—"Who's there?" said Robinson, one cold Winter night, disturbed in his repose by some one knocking at the street door. "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "Want to stay here all night." "Queer taste, an't it? But stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.

This reminds us of Sir Boyle Roche's invitation to an Irish nobleman: "I hope, my lord, if you ever are within a mile of my house you'll stay there all night."

PRESUME.—A little girl, who made very frequent use of the word "guess," was one day reproved for it by her teacher. "Do n't say guess, Mary," said Miss Jones, "say presume." Presently one of Mary's little playmates coming up to her, remarked, "I think your cape is very pretty, and my mamma wants your mamma to lend her the pattern, because she's going to make me one like it." "My mamma has no pattern," was the reply; "she cut it by presume."

A REMARK AND A REPLY.—Some years ago Rev. S. S. Roszell, of Baltimore, was pastor of a canting, puritanical hypocrite, who was a man of wealth, a very fluent Methodist class-leader, and a skin-flint. One day he shut up his nose, and rolled up his eyes, and began to snifle in this wise: "It is n't right to laugh. We read that Jesus wept, but we never read that Jesus laughed." "No," said Mr. Roszell, "and we never read that Jesus sold wood at four dollars a cord to poor, struggling Methodist seamstresses, while he sold it at three dollars to rich folks!" That was a rubbing of the raw place, was it not?

CAUGHT AT LAST.—An honest rustic went into the shop of a Quaker to buy a hat, for which twenty-five shillings were demanded. He offered twenty shillings.

"As I live," said the Quaker, "I can not afford to give it to thee at that price."

"As you live!" exclaimed the countryman; "then live more moderately, and be hanged to you!"

"Friend," said the Quaker, "thou shalt have the hat for nothing. I have sold hats for twenty years, and my trick has never been found till now."

SMITHIANA.—An egotistical, foppish fellow, whom Sidney Smith had one day invited to dinner, was frequently boasting of the company of great men he had been keeping, to the infinite disgust of his companions. The conversation turned on aquatics; "Lord Byron was an excellent boatman. He and I once rowed across the Bay of Naples," said the fop.

"Yes," said his host, "but with a very different pair of sculls."

VIRTUE IN A BITE.—When George II was once expressing his admiration of General Wolf, some one observed that the General was mad. "O, he is mad, is he?" said the King with great quickness, "then I wish he would *bite* some other of my generals."

Scripture Cabinet.

SECRET OF MINISTERIAL SUCCESS.—The biographies of those who have accomplished most for Christ in the work of the ministry show that the secret of their success has been in their deep and earnest love for souls. Their learning has often been deficient, their methods of study and their manner of preaching irregular and defective, but their fervent desire for the salvation of men counterbalanced all such difficulties and made them effective and useful ministers in an eminent degree. Dr. Asa D. Smith, now President of Dartmouth College, for thirty years a most successful preacher and pastor in New York, whose Church was the scene of many revivals, and whose ministry was blessed to multitudes of souls, writes as follows upon this topic. From the time he was a student at Andover, prominent in promoting, in the Seminary and the Academy there, a deeper piety among the students for the ministry, and an earnest attention to religion among the scholars in the Academy, to the present time, he has exemplified the truth of these words of wisdom, the result at once of deep conviction and long experience:

"There be those who fancy that the chief deficiency of the modern ministry is of an intellectual sort; that if only the memory were more richly stored, and the logical faculty more thoroughly disciplined, and the art of rhetoric more fully mastered, the cause of Christianity would receive a new impulse. But I have no sympathy with such views. God forbid that I should disparage learning—the more of it the better; and in this respect, I am confident, the ministry of the present day will bear comparison with any that has preceded it.

"The chief want of our clerical order—and I mean no aspersion when I say it—is not *lore* of any sort, but *love*—the love that prostrates itself, first of all, with streaming tears of gratefulness, at the foot of the cross, and then looks with unutterable yearnings upon the souls for whom Christ died—the love that measures not carefully its sacrifices, but delights to multiply them—that, in its deep devotion, forgets the thorns in its pillow, the burdens it has to bear, the roughness of its pathway. O, it is more *heart* we need in the pulpit, rather than more of the head. A greater boon to the Church, with the work she has to do, were one Peter the Hermit, with only the fanaticism omitted, than a thousand Erasmuses. Our greatest peril is dead orthodoxy, a perfunctory service, a ministry merely professional, or cold, sluggish, and timid. Having reached the point of respectable ability and acquisition, it is the loving life beyond the sermon, it is the tears that bedew it, it is the heart that flames out in every sentence, however simple and unadorned, that moves, more than all else, even the callous and skeptical."

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.—Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose, some eighty feet from the floor.

One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off

from the picture, gazing at it with delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved backward slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, till he had neared the end of the plank upon which he stood.

At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath; if he spoke to him it was certain death—if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush flung it against the wall, spattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce imprecations; but startled at his ghastly face, he listened to the recital of danger, looked over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

So, said a preacher, we sometimes get absorbed in looking upon the pictures of this world, and in contemplating them step backward, unconscious of our peril; when the Almighty dashes out the beautiful images, and we spring forward to lament their destruction—into the outstretched arms of mercy, and are saved!

HENCEFORTH.—O, that solemn Henceforth; solemn to each of us as we part to-day, thinking of no more than the chances and changes of this uncertain life; infinitely more solemn, as we each look forward to the hour which will certainly come to each, when the past will be done with, our whole life here gone by forever; and only Eternity before us. Henceforth glory, or henceforth woe! We shall never properly understand, till we each come to die, how thoroughly, then, the past is gone, and our only portion is in the future. You may feel it in some measure, looking on the face of one departed; thinking how utterly the many cares that drew those lines on it are past and gone—looking at the gray hair, and thinking that now your friend is no longer old. What a sharp, complete end of all the interests of this world has come! how free the heart is from all the little troubles and vexations that fevered it but a short while since! Yes; gone, where these things are not! Entered upon the great Henceforth; the life beyond the grave! The day will come to each of us when we can have nothing but what we can have there; when all the things we toil for and value here will avail us nothing; when the places and the people we knew, the books we used to read, the church where it was pleasant to worship, the room in which we sat, will all be things long since past away; things that ceased to be for us years and years ago; and nothing about us and before us but the great Eternity: Henceforth only that, and what we can have there! And, blessed be God, there is that we can gain here, and take with us there! No wonder that St. Paul declared that he counted all things but dross, that he might "win Christ." For the good part in our

Savior is not merely the best possession now; in a little while it will be the only one; the only possession that will not pass from our falling hand when we die; the only possession we can take with us into the other world.—*Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson.*

UNBELIEF AND FAITH.—See these electric wires that are shooting their mysterious threads throughout our land, communicating between city and city, between man and man, however distant; dead, yet instinct with life; silent, yet vocal with hidden sound; carrying, as with a lightning burst, the tidings of good or evil from shore to shore. Separate their terminating points by one hair's breadth from the index, or interpose some non-conducting substance; in a moment intercourse is broken. No tidings come and go. The stoppage is as entire as if you had cut every wire in pieces and cast these pieces to the winds. But refasten the several points, or link them to the index with some conducting material, and instantaneously the intercourse is renewed. Joy and sorrow flow again along the line. Men's thoughts, men's feelings, men's deeds, rumors of war or assurance of peace, news of victory, or defeat, the sounds of falling thrones, the shouts of frantic nations, all hurrying on after each other to convey to ten thousand throbbing hearts the evil or the good which they contain.

The non-conductor is unbelief. It interposes between the soul and all heavenly blessings, all divine intercourse. It may seem a thing too slight to effect so great a result, yet it does so inevitably. It shuts off the communication with the source of all glad tidings. It isolates the man, and forbids the reproach of blessing.

That conductor is faith. In itself it is nothing, but in its connection every thing. It restores in a moment the broken communication, and this is not from any virtue in itself, but simply as the conducting link between the soul and the fountain of all blessings above.—*H. Bonar.*

THE JOYS OF A RELIGIOUS LIFE.—A life of sound religious principle has its joys. It is not that cold, dreary, inanimate tract of country which it is so often described to be. Let the picture be drawn with candor and impartiality, and, amidst a few fleeting clouds, there will be much sunshine to gild the scenery. The evening more particularly of a religious life must ever be painted in glowing colors. And if the life of a real Christian could be analyzed, it would be found to contain more particles of satisfaction than the life of any other man. But make, I entreat you, the experiment for yourselves, and you will find that the "ways of Religion are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." And if they be so in this world, what joys will they not lead you to in the world to come! There every cloud will be dispelled, every mist dispersed; the veil will be drawn aside; we shall no longer see through a glass darkly, but shall see God face to face. We shall rest from our labors; all tears will be wiped from all faces, and nothing will be heard but thanksgiving and the voice of melody. Then we shall look back upon the many trials, temptations, and vicissitudes of this life, as the Israelites, when arrived in the earthly Canaan, looked back upon the bondage of Egypt, the terrors of the wilderness, and the passage of the Red Sea. We shall commune together of those things which

have happened. "Did not our hearts burn within us while our great Leader, the Captain of our salvation, talked with us by the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?" Did not we then anticipate that which we now actually enjoy? Blessed forever be God the Father who hath given us this glorious inheritance! Forever blessed be God the Son, who hath purchased it with his own blood! Blessed through all eternity be God the Holy Ghost, who hath sanctified us, and made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance with the saints in light!—*Rev. R. P. Beachcroft.*

NOTHING BEFORE CHRIST.—A Spanish artist was once employed to execute a painting of the Last Supper. It was his object to throw all the sublimity of his art into the figure and countenance of the Savior. But on the table, in the foreground of the picture, he painted some chased cups, so skillfully and with such exceeding beauty, that the attention of all who called to see the picture was at once attracted to the cups, and every one was loud in their praise. The painter, observing this, saw that he had failed in his main design; and exclaiming, "I have made a mistake, for these cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Master," he seized his brush and dashed the cups from the canvas. So in this world, the beautiful objects that are around us too often first attract our attention, and we love and admire them more than Him on whom our supreme regard should be centered. That the mistake we make may not prove fatal to us, God in infinite mercy and love often removes these fond objects from the outward view. He spoils the picture which we have been fashioning for ourselves in time to make it more beautiful in eternity.

"Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume the dark disguise.
We see but dimly through these mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad funeral tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps."

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.—Read your Bible slowly. Take time, even if you have but little time. A great mathematician once said, if his life depended, upon solving a problem in two minutes, he would spend one of the two in deciding how to do it. So in reading the Scriptures; if you are pressed for time—and this ought to be a rare case—then spread the precious moments on a portion of a chapter. When you feel that the mind and heart begin to drink in the sentiment, even of a single verse, then stop and drain the heavenly chalice, because the Divine Spirit is filling thy cup. It is a true, solemn, and interesting thought, that we are to wait, to linger, to tarry for the blessing to come from the word before us.

To search the Scriptures with the clear unmoted eye of meditation, secures treasures of knowledge, known only to him who thus coolly, piously, and philosophically studies the Word of God.

Let any man give us a reason why, when the Scriptures are read so much, memory retains so little, that quotations are so blundering and incorrect, if the reason is not found in the fact of hasty reading of the Word of God. There, as elsewhere, man must reap as he sows.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

GOD'S PLAN IN GEOGRAPHY.—The physical geography now claims that the particular arrangement of seas, continents, mountains, and rivers, which the earth has received, is the very best that could be given for the purpose to which the earth is destined. As the divine wisdom is manifested in the order and adaptation of the human body, of animals, and of plants, so there is an object in the peculiar shape the continents have been made to assume. Every thing works in harmony with a Divine plan, which we claim to be beginning to comprehend.

Change the position of Asia and Europe, and you would have ruin and death. Ireland, now always green, would have the climate of Labrador. Compare the British Isles, Norway and Sweden, with the corresponding latitudes upon our coasts, and we see dreadful consequences. Take away the Andes, which arrest the rain-clouds, and South America, that most wonderfully-watered continent, would be a desert. Take away the Rocky Mountains, or change their direction to east and west, and we have our own fertile country ruined. Elevate our Southern coast, so as to change the direction of the Mississippi, and what mischief would ensue!

There is literally a face to nature, as there is a face to man. As we have our circulation of the blood, so there is the circulation of the earth's great heart of fire, the circulation of the waters, and the ventilation of the air. We have yet to consider these varied shapes of nature in their relations to each other, and to man and animal life. But we are not to stop here. The physical geographer claims that the influences bearing upon the intellect of man can be explained by the peculiar arrangement of the earth's surface. We know that civilization has marched from East to West, from Asia to Europe, and even across the Atlantic to the New World—growing and expanding in its course. We can see what has been developed in Asia and Europe, and may predict something for America.—*Prof. Doremus.*

BOOK-MAKING.—The progress of book-making in this country has been very rapid and suggestive of the tendencies of our people. Thirty-five years ago the largest part of our publications consisted of reprints of English books. Now our original American books average nearly four times the number we copy from abroad. In 1834 the whole number of different books published in the United States was 449, of which 251 were original, and 198 were reprinted from foreign works; in 1855 the number was 2,162, of which 649 were reprints; in 1857 there were 2,443, including 746 reprints; in 1864—to this date—there have been 1,690 works, of which 400 were reprints. These figures are exclusive of pamphlets, of which the yield is enormous—almost comparable to the leaves of Autumn or the sands of the beach. One man in New York has collected 3,000 different pamphlets called out by the war, and he estimates there are at least two thousand more. And already there are some twenty different histories of our incomplete war in course of publication; and of two or three of them from

75,000 to 150,000 copies are actually in the hands of readers—yet these works are in two or three large and expensive volumes. One New York publishing house runs forty-three steam presses of the largest size, and uses an average of 34,375 reams of printing paper per annum, equivalent to 3,300,000 duodecimo volumes of 240 pages each, or 1,650,000 volumes of 480 pages each. Another house in Philadelphia sells books annually to the amount of \$1,500,000, and the number of packages which they send out of the city yearly is between 14,000 and 15,000. It is also interesting to know, as a proof that the war has not extinguished the book trade, that the house last referred to, which formerly supplied a large part of the Southern booksellers, sold books in 1863 to the amount of over \$200,000 more than in any former year when it had the Southern trade.

THE DEPTH OF SPACE.—In 1837, Prof. Bessel, of Germany, commenced a series of astronomical measures for getting the exact distance to the fixed stars; a thing that had never been done. The instrument which he used, in connection with a powerful telescope, in his experiments, was called a Heliometer, (sun-measure.) After three years' hard labor he was so fortunate as to obtain a parallax, but so very minute that he could hardly trust his reputation upon it. But after repeated trials, and working out the results, he was fully satisfied that he could give the true distance to 61 Cygni. But who can comprehend this immense distance? We can only convey an idea to the mind of this distance by the fact that light, which travels 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, requires not less than ten years to reach us. Just let any one try to take in the idea. One hour would give 720,000,000 of miles; in one year, then—8,760 hours—this gives 6,307,200,000,000, and this multiplied by ten gives 63,072,000,000,000. This, according to Prof. Bessel, is the distance of the nearest fixed star to the sun. And all the astronomers confirm the correctness of Prof. Bessel's calculations. But this distance, great as it is, is nothing to be compared to the Milky Way. Sir William Herschel says that the stars or suns that compose the Milky Way are so remote that it requires light, going at the rate of 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, 120,000 years to reach the earth. And he says there are stars, or rather nebula, five hundred times more remote. Now make your calculation: 120,000 years reduced to minutes, and then multiply that sum by 12,000,000, and the product by 500. What an overwhelming idea! The mind sinks under such a thought; we can't realize it; it is too vast even for human comprehension. David says, Psalm ciii, 19: "The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom [or government] ruleth over all."

VELOCITY OF MECHANISM.—Fan blowers are frequently run with a velocity of 3,000 turns per minute, while the usual velocity of cotton spindles is between 6,000 and 7,000 turns per minute. These are the highest rotary velocities with which we are acquainted in ordinary mechanism, but M. Arago, in measuring

the difference in the velocity of light while passing through air and through water, wished to give a revolving mirror a velocity of 8,000 rotations per second. This he was unable to do. With the most delicate and perfect arrangement of cog wheels he was able to impart only 1,000 revolutions per second to his mirror. M. Foucault, by substituting for cog wheels a delicate turbine acted on by a steam jet, raised the velocity to 1,500 turns per second. M. Arago, by removing the mirror and turning the spindle alone, achieved a velocity even by cog wheels, of 8,000 turns per second—equal to 480,000 turns per minute.

That spindle, therefore, turned 80 times while an ordinary cotton spindle is turned once! This is the highest rotary velocity of which we have any account.—*Scientific American*.

A REMARKABLE DIAMOND.—M. Frenny, at one of the late sittings of the French Academy, exhibited a diamond weighing about four grammes, which, under its ordinary condition, is slightly tinted yellow; but which, when submitted to a high temperature, assumes a rose tint, which it possesses for several days, only gradually being restored to its original hue. The diamond, which, at the time of exhibition, had the rose color, was kept in the cabinet of the Institute till the next meeting, when its original yellowish tint was restored. Now, the price of an ordinary diamond of the weight we have mentioned would be about sixty thousand francs; but, with the delicate rose tint, it would be worth three times as much! This peculiar change having been observed, it may be quite legitimate to ascertain if any other diamonds possess this chameleon-like accomplishment.

BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENTS.—Fill a wide-mouthed glass jar with water, and cover it over with a piece of "foundation"—the ladies will understand this—cover that over with a layer of peas, pressing it down so that the peas will lay in the water. They will then swell and sprout, the roots growing down into the water, their fibers presenting a beautiful appearance. Set this in a window, and vines will grow up, which can be conducted to the sill. The whole is very handsome.

If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread to within half an inch of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will in a few months burst and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upward its tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak-tree, growing this way, on a mantle shelf of a room, is a very interesting object.

LITERARY MORTALITY.—A late French writer, M. de Tapies, gives the following table of literary mortality in his "Statistical Contrast between France and England." Out of 1,000 published books, 600 never pay the cost of printing, 200 just pay expenses, 100 return a slight profit, and only 100 show a substantial gain. Of these 1,000 books 650 are forgotten at the end of the year, and 150 more at the end of three years; only fifty survive seven years' publicity. Of the 50,000 publications put forth in the seventeenth century, hardly more than fifty have an established reputation, and are now republished.

Of the eighty thousand works published in the eighteenth century, posterity has hardly preserved more than was rescued from oblivion in the seventeenth century. Men have been writing books these three thousand years, and there are hardly more than five hundred writers throughout the globe who have survived the outrages of time and the forgetfulness of man. These views are apparently drawn from French materials, but contain much universal truth.

MENTAL DISEASES IN FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the London Star writes: "Among other interesting papers which were read at the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences, one on mental diseases in France attracted considerable attention. From this paper it appears that in 1861 there were no less than 84,000 lunatics in this country; that is, about 1/429th of the whole population. Out of that number 358 cases only were traceable to intense mental application. This is, to my idea, a very significant fact, inasmuch as a good many physicians have a habit of attributing the greater mass of cases of lunacy to overstudy. The truth is that in France dissipation, absinthe, and speculation, are the predominant causes of the majority of mental aberration."

THE SUN PHOTOGRAPHED BY A WOMAN.—Miss Beckley, daughter of the mechanical assistant at the Kew Observatory in England, has taken some admirable photographs of the sun. A local paper says: "During the day she watches her opportunities for photographing the sun with that patience for which her sex is distinguished, and she never lets an opportunity escape her." Careful examinations of these photographs have led the astronomers to the following conclusions: 1. When Venus is to the left, there is most atmospheric effect to the right. 2. When she is in conjunction or opposition, there is a tendency to equality. 3. When she is considerably to the right, there is most atmospheric effect to the left.

ROMANISM IN MEXICO.—Romanism is strongly entrenched in Mexico. Its annual income is nearly equal to the average cost of managing the United States Government before the war, including its army and navy, and all other departments. An exchange gives the following summary:

"It has one archbishop, eight bishops, ten thousand infirm clergy of all orders. It is the richest Church in the world, and has an income of \$56,000,000 a year, and millions in cathedrals, churches, etc., some valued at \$5,000,000. The income of the archbishop is \$130,000, and that of the eight bishops united is \$400,000. The archbishop is the financial as well as the ecclesiastical head of the Church, and subordinate to him there is a single person in each diocese, by whom the vast property is controlled."

FOSSILS IN AUSTRALIA.—A petrified tree was recently found in the Golden Horn claim, near Geelong, in Australia, at a depth of two hundred and fifty-eight feet. Pieces of the tree when examined by the microscope glistened like diamonds. In the same claims, at a depth of two hundred feet, several frogs, imbedded in blue-stone, have been disinterred, of a green, yellow color, without any signs of mouth or respiratory organs.

Centenary Record.

AMERICAN METHODIST LADIES' CENTENARY ASSOCIATION—ITS CONNECTIONAL CHARACTER.

BY REV. J. S. SMART.

THIS Association issued its "Appeal" in behalf of "Heck Hall" in September, 1865. It was published and warmly commended by most of our Church papers. As the General Centenary Committee had already indorsed the plan of erecting Centenary memorial buildings for the Garrett Biblical Institute, and had placed it at the head of the connectional programme for that purpose, the action of the ladies was entirely legitimate, as well as more distinctly and beautifully memorial than any thing else proposed. It was simply taking into their hearts and hands a work which, in general terms, had already been ordered by the highest authorities of the Church. They did not at first see how it was possible to make their Association more national in its designs.

Their hearts took in the whole continent, and they desired to join hands with the entire Methodist sisterhood in this noble work. I am sure they were not influenced by merely local or sectional interests. They were enthusiastic in the idea of honoring the memory of the foundress of American Methodism. In this they supposed every Methodist woman would sympathize with them. They did not expect, did not at first desire very great donations from any quarter. They preferred thousands of small donations, which would make up the aggregate without affecting any other interest. While they determined to build in honor of the mother of us all, they were in duty bound to appeal to all to aid in this delightful work.

As they appealed to all, they would gladly have erected a monument whose influence would be a blessing to all. But if this monument were to be material and visible, it must have a "local habitation" as well as "a name."

They might have desired a more central position, but as Bishop Ames once remarked to me, "In twenty-five years they would be obliged to go west of Chicago to find the center of this country." But though every thing seemed to conspire to make the place, the object, and the institution the most appropriate possible for a ladies' Centenary monument, yet as we had but two theological schools, and as the Centenary Committee had recommended that they should share equally in the proceeds of the Centenary collections, it was from the beginning felt desirable that the New England Institute might in some manner be associated with this in this movement. As might have been anticipated New England demanded this. More than willing to meet this demand, the Association memorialized the General Centenary Committee in the following terms:

EVANSTON, ILL., NOV. 1, 1865.

To the General Centenary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

FATHERS AND BROTHERS,—An Association designed to have for its members all the Methodist ladies of this country has

recently been organized in Chicago, Illinois, the object of which is "to secure as the Centenary offering of the ladies to the Church the sum of fifty thousand dollars, to be employed in erecting a building to serve as a home for the students of the Garrett Biblical Institute, to which it is proposed to give the name Heck Hall."

This Appeal—a copy of which is inclosed—presents the reasons for distinctive action on the part of Methodist ladies at this time, also for the action specified, and for the choice of the name and memory to which the Association offers its homage.

We, as the committee appointed for that purpose, beg you to consider the designs herein referred to, and to bestow upon the American Methodist Ladies' Centenary Association the encouragement and authority of your approval. It is believed that with this the enterprise can be conducted to a successful issue—the Methodist ladies of the first American Centenary, thus showing that they were mindful of their sacred privilege and diligent to improve their golden opportunity. But the Association looks first to you for encouragement and sanction. To be taught by you, to rest upon your judgments is its earnest wish.

We are authorized to state that the Association will heartily concur in such modifications of its original plan as shall provide for the erection of a memorial edifice similar to the one it contemplates building for the Institute at Evanston, in connection with the Institute at Concord, and for the use of such funds as may then remain in its treasury to benefit female colleges and mixed schools under the patronage of the Church. But we are further to state that since, in any event, it is the purpose of the Association to place its surplus funds at your disposal, it will concur in such use of the same as you deem best. . . .

Hoping that our aims and spirit may meet with the approval we so much desire, we are, with the highest esteem, your sisters in Christ,

MELINDA HAMLINE,
MARGARET P. EVANS,
FRANCES E. WILLARD.

On behalf of the American Methodist Ladies' Centenary Association.

A memorial couched in terms so respectful and humble, and breathing a spirit so loyal and generous from such ladies as Mrs. Bishop Hamline, Mrs. Gov. Evans, and Miss Frances E. Willard, representing an Association numbering among its officers and members many of the most prominent Methodist women in the country, could not but command attention. The designs and character of the Association were thoroughly discussed. It was universally conceded that its original conception was admirable, and that Heck Hall ought to be erected. The Committee passed a resolution assuring the ladies that it had "with great pleasure heard their letter and documents," and "cordially approved their general design."

The proposition in reference to the Concord Institute was unanimously indorsed. It was felt, however, that the ladies ought to do more; that they ought to command, as their thank-offering, at least six hundred thousand dollars. The documents were, therefore, referred to the Central Committee with instructions to enlarge the basis of the Association, and to extend the application of its funds to such other connectional objects as it might deem advisable.

Accordingly, the Central Committee assigned it the

work of raising \$50,000 for Heck Hall, \$50,000 for Concord Institute, the balance to go to the Centenary Educational Fund, except such sums as shall be designated for the Mission-House in New York.

The ladies urged with great earnestness their proposition to devote all sums above the first hundred thousand dollars to female education, and received the following from the Central Committee in reply: "You naturally feel an interest in providing for female education. As we understand the purposes of the Centenary Educational Fund, our female schools and colleges are included in its scope. Certainly as a committee we are as deeply interested in the education in our schools of representatives of the gentler sex as of our young men."

This was not entirely satisfactory to the Association, but in a spirit of humble submission to "the powers that be" the work assigned was cheerfully accepted, and is now being earnestly and vigorously prosecuted. The subjects involved in the effort are practically ministerial education and the cause of missions. The Institutes of course have reference to ministerial education, and the desire is to make them as good institutions as those of their kind in other denominations. The Mission-House appeals to every lover of the cause of missions, and the Fund provides first for the education of men for our foreign missionary work, and for ministerial education in general. It is designed to aid the young men who struggle for an education against the embarrassments of poverty in defraying their expenses, so that they may enter upon the work of the ministry as promptly and as well prepared as possible, and free from debt.

But it must not be understood that the ladies who act under the guidance of the General Centenary Committee for these connectional objects are thereby excluded from coöperating with any local movement for the benefit of female education. On the other hand, some of the most earnest supporters and liberal patrons of this Association are officers in local organizations, and doing as well as the best to promote the education of their sex.

This Association has the honor of proposing what must forever be considered the most beautifully-appropriate and significant Centenary memorial which has been or can be suggested. It has the honor of having moved the whole Church to give woman at least some recognition in this day of our rejoicing.

But for it woman would have had no prominence in this Centenary movement. Centenary lectures and sermons were delivered without the slightest recognition of her influence in the history of the Church. Plans for raising money for various noble objects were adopted; committees were appointed throughout the whole country, and the influence of woman was never invoked till this Association came forward and offered its service, appealing to the sisterhood of the Church to unite in erecting a monument to her who, under God, gave the first impulse to American Methodism.

The ladies of this Association called to their aid the greatest Methodist historian of the age to vindicate the claims of their sex to a position in the history of the Church. The generous mind of Stevens was instantly inspired by the thought. He felt that he had never found a richer or more congenial field for his rare lit-

erary powers. The remembrance of his own excellent lady, then but recently removed "to fairer worlds on high," gave an intensity of interest to his subject and a fervid eloquence to his style which no man could command, whose heart had not been thus touched and taught the value of woman by the loss of one of the purest and noblest of her kind. He promised his friends that this should be his best book. His promise has been admirably fulfilled.

The book is an honor to Stevens and to Methodism, and a just tribute to the influence of woman in the Church. But for this Association the "Women of Methodism" had never been published. It has the honor, therefore, of having brought out one of the greatest literary achievements of the Centenary year, as well as of having vindicated the right of the sex to recognition in this great jubilee.

In this record we learn that Methodism originated with a woman in both hemispheres; that many of the best friends and wisest counselors of both Wesley and Asbury were women; that the most liberal patron of early Methodism in the Old World was a woman, Lady Huntingdon, who founded the first Methodist theological school, and gave five hundred thousand dollars for charitable and religious purposes; that the most liberal patron of ministerial education in the American Methodist Church, during the past century, was also a woman, Mrs. Eliza Garrett.

We learn, also, a fact that every Methodist minister knows by experience, that none, in seasons of revival, have been more active or efficient than the sisterhood of the Church in winning souls to Christ. In times of trial and persecution none have been more patient, heroic, and persevering.

This Association issues the only certificate which marks the epoch; a certificate which in every sense honors the Association and the sex. It presents an interior view of an elegantly-furnished study or reading-room, such as Mrs. Garrett might be supposed to have occupied when she formed her great design of devoting her wealth to ministerial education. There are a library, chairs, and a table with books and papers, pen and ink, an astral lamp, and a vase of flowers upon it; over the library there is a bust of Washington, on the walls are portraits of John Wesley and his mother; over the mantle-piece is Raphael's picture of "Our Savior Bearing the Cross," on the mantle-piece a clock and a statuette representing Faith and another representing Hope.

These are all beautifully arranged, and typical of patriotism, piety, intelligence, and refinement. Mrs. Garrett stands beside the table with an open Bible before her, and a scroll in her hand, upon which is written the great commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and also the words of Mrs. Heck to Philip Embury, "God will require our blood at your hands." Just opposite stands a young minister with his eyes resting upon the scroll, receiving with becoming meekness and gratitude the encouragement which she, representing the ladies of the Church, holds out to him to go forward in the performance of his duty.

Every lady who sympathizes with this spirit is invited to give her name and influence to this Association. How many shall be reported down to 1966?

Literary Notices.

COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPELS: *Intended for Popular Use.* By D. D. Whedon, D. D. Luke and John. 12mo. Pp. 422. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—We gratefully welcome the early appearance of Dr. Whedon's second volume on the Gospels, indicating progress in his great work, and we trust prophetic that his life and health will be spared to complete the New Testament Commentary with his own hand. The present volume embraces the Gospels according to Luke and John, subjects which we knew would call forth the best abilities of the author, for whose treatment of which we have been anxiously waiting. Commentaries are usually designed rather for reference than continuous reading, and it is seldom that we wish to do any thing more than consult them, but we confess that we have gone right through most of this volume, reading it with profound interest, and regretting that other duties called us away from a close reading of the whole. Dr. Whedon is producing our ideal of a popular Commentary; and yet we are afraid that the statement on the title-page—"Intended for popular use"—will convey an erroneous idea of the work, and many will think that it is a mere condensed compilation hastily gotten up for hasty use. It is any thing else but this. While it is admirably adapted as a book of reference for the general reader, and for the Sabbath school teacher, it is a work of marked originality, presenting in the briefest possible form the results of the most careful thought and study on the part of the author. Those who are accustomed to the writings of Dr. Whedon, know how much he can say in a short space, and those who know him personally, know his ripe scholarship, his diligent and laborious application as a student, and his thorough acquaintance with the most recent literature bearing upon the study of the Bible. These qualifications are all apparent in the volume before us. We feel constantly that we are following a master who is eminently qualified for his work, who is imbued with the spirit of the Gospels he is expounding, who is thoroughly up to the times in which we are now living, and whose power of language enables him to convey a vast amount in a small space. The author studies the Bible from a thoroughly-orthodox stand-point—and while he has evidently been over the ground of recent skeptical and rationalistic exegesis, he is himself unscathed, and has no sympathy for any system or theories that would reduce the Bible below its true character of a supernatural, divinely-inspired revelation from God. The preface informs us that the present expectation is to embrace the Commentary on the New Testament in four volumes, but of course this must depend on the possibilities of compression. The author also informs us there is a fair prospect that a Commentary on the Old Testament will be furnished before a very long period in uniform size and style with these volumes; so that the present work may be considered as the commencement of a Commentary on the whole Bible, to be issued from the Book Rooms of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD: *Considered in the Light of History, Philosophy, and Divine Revelation.* By Hiram Mattison, D. D. With an Introduction by Rev. Matthew Simpson, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 495. \$1.75. Philadelphia: Perkinpine & Higgins. For sale by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati.—This is a companion volume to the author's previous work—*The Immortality of the Soul*—and the two volumes together are designed to cover the whole question of a future life for man, both for soul and body. Having thus disposed of the questions of the certainty and reality of man's future existence in his entire nature, it is still the author's purpose to write a similar volume upon *the heavenly world*, and another upon the subject of *future punishment*, its certainty, nature, and duration. Dr. Mattison has given a large amount of study to the problems of the future life, and is the master of an easy, popular style, that makes his works most readable even where the subject is difficult and requiring close thought. With his qualifications, the author could not fail to produce a most interesting and valuable work on a subject itself so intensely interesting as that of the destiny of these our mortal bodies. It is an admirable treatment of the doctrine of the Resurrection, historically, philosophically, and in the light of revelation, clear, orthodox, "neither too intricate or scholastic on the one hand, nor too superficial on the other." In our "Editor's Study" we have considered the work more largely.

MAUDE GRENVILLE LIBRARY. *Five Volumes in a Box.* \$5.50. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is another box of beautiful and interesting books which Dr. Wise has been getting up for the "young folks." We have first a touching story entitled "Maude Grenville, or the Children in the Parsonage at Glenwood"—containing 235 pages and three illustrations. Next, "The Heroism of Boyhood, or What Boys have Done," by William Martin, containing 289 pages and six illustrations. Then, "The Children of the Great King, a Story of the Crimean War." By M. H.—224 pages and four illustrations. Next, "Enoch Roden's Training," illustrating the duty of trusting in God always, containing 233 pages and five illustrations. Lastly, "Victor and Hilaria," a tale of the great persecution of the Christian Church under Diocletian in the fourth century; written by Rev. G. G. Perry, M. A., of England, and containing 162 pages and three illustrations.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF LEONIDAS L. HAMLINE, D. D., late one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Walter C. Palmer, M. D. With Introductory Letters, by Bishops Morris, Jones, and Thomson. Large 12mo. Pp. 544. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—"Our aim in this volume," says the author, "is to present, for the glory of the Head of the Church, a life-picture of one who, having cast anchor within the veil, dwelt in the inner sanctuary of the Divine presence. If the image of the

heavenly was stamped upon the outer man to a degree not often witnessed in fallen humanity, it was because he was to an unusual degree a subject of the blessed Holy Spirit's inworkings. Of the manner of these inworkings we have permitted him to speak for himself, in his familiar letters and diary, which were an ever-faithful transcript of his deeply devoted, affectionate heart. Some may imagine that we have allowed too much minuteness of detail. Our apology is that we *knew* the man, and feel that, if we would have others dwell on the heaven-illuminated picture which his precious life presents, the minutiae, as given in his diary and letters, are needful to make up the *tout ensemble* of one whom our affectionate and religious preferences have ever regarded as a man of extraordinary piety and power." This volume will be welcomed and read, we think, by thousands. Dr. Palmer has written *con amore*, and no other hand could have done so much justice to the unique, and, in many respects, remarkable character of the late Bishop Hamline. The life of Bishop Hamline was by no means a common one, and is full of interest. The "affectionate tribute" to his memory prefacing this volume from Bishops James and Thomson, is a high eulogium on the deceased Bishop, but none too high. "He was a gentleman, a scholar, a Christian, an extraordinary preacher, a popular and successful executive officer." But it is as an eminent illustration of the doctrine of perfect love as taught by our Church that the memory of Bishop Hamline will live, and as an affectionate and appreciative treatment of his character in this light this volume will prove most acceptable. As a life of Bishop Hamline we think it scarcely gives us all the facts that we would like to have.

A CRITICAL REVIEW OF WESLEYAN PERFECTION, in Twenty-Four Consecutive Arguments; in which the Doctrine of Sin in Believers is Discussed, and the Proof-Texts of Scripture advocating Entire Sanctification, as a Second and Distinct Blessing in the Soul after Regeneration, fairly debated. By Rev. S. Franklin, A. M., of the Illinois Conference. Large 12mo. Pp. 614. \$3. Cincinnati: Printed at the Methodist Book Concern, for the Author.—The ample title of this work conveys a tolerably-adequate idea of its character. The author joins issue with all our standard authors on the doctrine of entire sanctification. Considered as a second and distinct blessing in the soul after regeneration, he denies any such sanctification. The doctrine of "sin in believers" he discards. Regeneration he looks upon as a complete and thorough work of grace in the soul by which it is justified and freed from all sin, and the only sanctification taught in the Scriptures is the continuance of the soul in its justified and regenerated state, and its growth and strengthening in the graces and fruits of that state. This is not a new theory, but perhaps receives in this book the most complete and thorough presentation it has had in our Church. Of course the whole theory is contrary to the standard statements of our doctrine of Christian perfection, and differs widely from the professed experience of multitudes of Christians. The author has expended upon his work a vast amount of labor, and crowds his pages with a very learned array of verbal criticisms on the original Scriptures, both Hebrew and Greek; but the more we study the less are we convinced, and

turn with a relish to our standard authors, and especially to such exemplifications of our doctrine as the Life of Bishop Hamline noticed above.

HISTORY OF JULIUS CÆSAR. Vol. II. *The Wars in Gaul*. 8vo. Pp. 659. \$3.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This is the second volume of the Imperial History, and extends from the invasion of Gaul by Cæsar to the famous crossing of the Rubicon. Covering the period of history which Cæsar himself treats so remarkably, the Emperor's second volume might be characterized as Imperial notes and comments on Cæsar's Commentaries. "It is possible," said Lord Byron, "to be a very great man, and to be still very inferior to Julius Cæsar." "The most complete character of all antiquity," thought Lord Bacon. So thinks also Napoleon III, to whom Cæsar is a perfect hero and "a man with a mission." We read with interest, and find in the Emperor an appreciative historian, quite sufficiently in love with his hero, and quite sufficiently disposed to forget that his mission and genius were both fatal. We are not so much dazzled with his glory or magnificence as to forget the decision of his impartial countrymen—*Jure cæsus existimetur*—HE WAS JUSTLY SLAIN.

THE MORMON PROPHET AND HIS HAREM: or, an Authentic History of Brigham Young, his Numerous Wives and Children. By Mrs. C. V. Waite. 12mo. Pp. 280. \$2. Cambridge: Printed at the Riverside Press. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This volume is quite an exhaustive treatise on the whole question of Mormonism. A large share of the volume is taken up with a well-authenticated history of the Mormons, from the death of Joseph Smith and the accession of Brigham, to the present time. It is a horrible history of unprincipled ambition, of terrible injustice and wrongs, most unscrupulous impostures, unrighteous extortions on a trusting but deluded people, and a settled policy of treason, manifesting itself constantly in overt acts. It is a horrible book, not the fault of the authoress, but of the terrible system she has undertaken to expose. Her statements are made from personal observation, and her opportunities for studying her subject have been ample. If her record is true, and every fact bears the stamp of authenticity, Mormonism is the greatest abomination on the face of the earth, not excepting the lowest forms of heathenism. Every conceivable crime seems to be perpetrated among them. Blasphemy, murder, adultery, imposture, extortion seem to be integral elements in the system. Surely we have a free country when such abominations, uninterfered with by our Government, can grow and flourish on our soil!

HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF THE CREATION AND THE HUMAN RACE; the Origin, the Pilgrimage, the Ultimate Destiny of Man; the Beginning of our Globe, its Duration in the Present, and its Final Destruction by Fire. By J. L. Stewart. 12mo. Pp. 356. \$2. Cincinnati: Published for the Author, by Applegate & Co.—This is a remarkable book. We can say but little more of it than that while reading the most of it we felt that much learning had made the author mad. The title indicates the scope of the author's

work, certainly a very large one. He has evidently read a great deal, thought and studied much, and that, too, on the profoundest and most interesting problems that agitate the human mind; but everywhere the thought is crude, though large, the ideas obscure, the language verbose, ungrammatical, and often misapplied. We know nothing of the author, but we are sure he is a man of large mind, but uneducated and undisciplined in methods of thought and expression. We have not much faith in his theories, but find many practical thoughts and lessons that are worth the reading.

MISCELLANEOUS.—GILBERT RUGGE. *By the author of "A First Friendship."* \$1. PREMIE KELLER. *By F. G. Trafford, author of "Maxwell Drewitt," etc.* 50 cts. LAND AT LAST. *By Edmund Yates, author of "Broken to Harness," etc.* 50 cts. These are numbers 270, 272,

and 273, of *Harper's Library of Select Novels*. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. THE FRUITFUL BOUGH. *A Centenary Sermon Preached before the Newark Conference.* By Rev. J. T. Crane, D. D.

CATALOGUES.—Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio. Rev. Frederick Merrick, M. A., President. Students, 551. Xenia Female College, Xenia, Ohio. William Smith, A. M., President. Students, 247. Hillsboro Female College, Hillsboro, O. Rev. David Copeland, A. M., President. Students, 203. Thorntown Academy, Thorntown, Ind. Rev. W. O. Wyant, A. B., Principal. Students, 433. Morgantown Female Collegiate Institute, Morgantown, W. Va. Rev. G. W. Arnold, Principal. Students, 111. Albion College, Albion, Mich. Rev. Geo. B. Jocelyn, President. Students, 292.

Editor's Study.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.*

IN his Preface Dr. Mattison puts forth large claims for the value of his work on the Resurrection, to most of which claims we think he is justly entitled. "It fairly and specifically defines the true doctrine of the resurrection. It discusses the general subject and all collateral issues from an orthodox stand-point, and is emphatically evangelical in its expositions and reasonings. It is a complete history of the doctrine of the resurrection as held by the Jews and the early Christians, and by the various modern denominations. As an investigation of the teachings of Moses and the prophets, and of Christ and his apostles, it is exhaustive of the subject. The proofs of the resurrection of Christ are more fully stated and more logically arranged than in any other work of which we have knowledge. The various objections to the orthodox view are fully and fairly stated, and thoroughly answered." Such are some of the characteristics claimed for the work, and most of them we think are justified by the work itself. In addition to these we have three or four chapters on speculative questions—the nature, characteristics, and uses of the resurrection body—the first resurrection—the millennium, etc., about which we suppose the author knows about as much as any one else, and which will prove acceptable to those who are interested in such speculations. A beautiful chapter is that on "Natural Emblems of the Resurrection."

"The theme discussed in this volume," says Bishop Simpson in his brief, but beautiful Introduction, "is one of deep and intense interest to every rational mind. Life is short. The grave opens before us. Every avenue and every pathway, whatever its apparent direction, or by whomsoever trod, leads thither its

journeying millions. As we approach nearer and cast a glance toward its gathering shadows, how frequently and forcibly the question arises, 'If a man die, shall he live again?' Never do we follow loved ones to the tomb without asking, 'Shall we see them again? Shall there be a resurrection of the dead?' The Bible comes to us as a message from God pretending to reveal the true nature of man, and to solve the manifold mysteries which hang around our lives, and which, without this blessed book, would impenetrably enshroud our exit from this world. The Bible answers these questions, and that too in a manner most agreeable to the intense longings and the natural intuitions of our souls.

The hope of the resurrection of the body, fully brought to light in the Gospel, but plainly also intimated in the Old Testament, has cheered the hearts of God's people in all ages of the world. A doctrine of revelation alone, and one that perhaps would never be even conjectured by man apart from revelation, it is the peculiar heritage of those to whom God has sent his Word. The belief of a future state is a universal sentiment among men, so much so that it might almost be considered a human characteristic. But the phenomena of death, so suggestive of utter dissolution, and the constant tendency to attribute most of our evils and sufferings, both moral and physical, to our material bodies, have rather led pagan philosophers and nations to believe and hope that death would forever release them from the pressure of corporeal bodies. When St. Paul preached even in Athens the doctrine of the resurrection, he gained no higher reputation than that of a "babbling" and "setter forth of strange doctrines." And yet we find largely prevailing among pagan nations the thought that the immaterial spirit could only live an imperfect life without the assistance of some material medium to furnish for it a local habitation, and enable it to communicate with a material world. Still, unable to conceive the thought of a resurrection of our own bodies, they could only reach the

*The Resurrection of the Dead; Considered in the Light of History, Philosophy, and Divine Revelation. By Rev. Miram Mattison, D. D. With an Introduction by Rev. Bishop Simpson. Philadelphia: Perkinpine & Higgins.

Pythagorean sentiment of transmigration, or the passing of human souls into other animal bodies. This strange sentiment not only had its believers among rude and savage tribes of men, but it was adopted by pagan philosophers, had even mingled itself with the opinions of the scribes and Pharisees in our Savior's day, and still prevails largely throughout India, China, Japan, and most countries of the East. But in all this there is no intimation of the wonderful doctrine that is revealed to us in the Word of God, and which constitutes an essential part of his great purposes with reference to the human family.

That the Holy Scriptures teach the doctrine of a resurrection of the dead is admitted by all who read them, whether they believe in their divine inspiration or not. But all are not thus agreed as to the nature of the resurrection. Upon this point there is some diversity of opinion, even among those who receive the Bible as an infallible revelation, and bow in implicit reverence to all its teachings. One theory is, that the resurrection taught in the Scriptures is simply the quickening of the soul, or of the moral powers, by the Holy Spirit in regeneration; and that, therefore, every regenerate person is already in the resurrection state. This was a doctrine of the Gnostics of the first century, and has had but few advocates since their day. Another view is, that the resurrection is the emerging of the soul from the body at the hour of death—the Swedenborgian theory, still entertained by the followers of that great dreamer, and recently vigorously advocated by Professor George Bush. A third is, that it is the construction of a new body out of common elements, having no reference to the material of which the former body was composed, an idea first promulgated by Origen and held by Archbishop Whately, Dr. Hitchcock, and many others. A fourth theory is, that the new body will be evolved in some way from a small portion of the old one—a germ or nucleus around which shall be gathered the remaining elements necessary for a new body—a theory advocated by Samuel Drew, the distinguished metaphysician of St. Austel, England, and under various modifications as "the germ theory," and has many advocates at the present day.

Differing from all these theories is that which holds to the literal resurrection of the identical body laid in the grave, which is the popular and prevailing idea at the present time, and has been during all ages of God's Church. Dr. Mattison well states the orthodox sentiment when he says "that the same body which is laid in the grave at death, shall hereafter arise out of it, and live again forever; or to be still more explicit, that all that constitutes and properly belongs to the body at the hour of death, and is essential to its corporeal identity and integrity, will be raised again to life, and will go to constitute the resurrection body." In this form the doctrine existed among the ancient people of God, cheering the heart and ennobling the faith of poor, afflicted Job, entering into the hopes of the wandering Abraham and his sons, tuning the harp of David, furnishing illustrations for the prophets, and cherished as a hope by them as manifested in unequivocal intimations, well understood in the time of Esdras and the Maccabees, incorporated into the funeral service of the Jews, so that in the days of our Savior and his apostles it was the hope of the nation, the denial of it

on the part of the Sadducees placing them in antagonism with the sentiment of the people and bringing them into conflict with the blessed Savior himself. So well was the doctrine of the resurrection, as held in its literal and corporeal sense by Christians at the present day understood and believed by the Jews, that one of the very best statements of the doctrine that has come down to us from antiquity is that of Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, who wrote only a few years after the crucifixion of Christ.

This same doctrine—the revival of the identical bodies laid in the tombs—our author makes very clear was the doctrine taught by our Lord and his apostles, and believed and cherished by the primitive Christians. For it, in some instances, these early Christians suffered the most violent persecutions, from which they might have escaped by simply denying their belief in this corporeal resurrection, which seemed so absurd to their persecutors, and which furnished to them the opportunity of inflicting upon the Christians the most ingenious and horrible sufferings under the idea of so completely destroying their bodies that a resurrection would be impossible. The catacombs of Rome, the burial-place of the Christian martyrs and others during the first three centuries of the Christian Church, some of the inscriptions in which date back to within forty years of the crucifixion, furnish conclusive evidence in these touching inscriptions and suggestive emblems that these first Christians expected their bodies also to share in the glory of the future life. This inspiring hope invested the remains of the dead in Christ with a peculiar sacredness in the eyes of these early confessors and martyrs. "They could not burn them upon the funeral pile, nor would they gather them into an unmeaning urn, for they felt that these lifeless relics had been consecrated to the Lord, and were now placed in charge of the Angel of the Resurrection till the end of all things."

It is very obvious to the student of this doctrine in the light of Christian history, that none of the modern theories devised to obviate the objections that seem to lie against a literal resurrection of the body are commensurate in significance with the strong statements of the doctrine among the Jews and primitive Christians, or with the sublime and cheerful hopes which they entertained with regard to their own bodies and those of their deceased friends. In several able chapters Dr. Mattison shows that these theories are no nearer meeting the requirements of the strong and clear statements of the Bible itself, while they are themselves quite as burdened with difficulties as the orthodox view, and some of them with objections even more insurmountable. It is true that the mode of the resurrection of our bodies is to us inconceivable, and it is highly probable that no writer of any school has given us even an approximate idea of the reality. It is equally true that the Scriptures themselves clearly reveal to us but little more than the fact itself, unequivocally, however, attaching that fact to our mortal bodies. With the minute details given by most writers and plentifully supplied by Dr. Mattison, consisting of conjectural inferences from the true doctrine, we have never had much sympathy, believing that the vague sublimity that hangs over this and other doctrines of the Bible is unspeakably more grand and effective than

any possible conclusion of our reason or pictures of our imagination. We strongly suspect that what God in his Word has been pleased to reveal to us is about all that it is needful or profitable for us to know, while it is mostly against these attempted details that the objections and difficulties seem to lie.

No believer in the Bible can doubt that God has there promised us a resurrection of the dead, and that this resurrection is the declared antagonism of death, is to undo what death has done, and is to constitute the Redeemer's final triumph over death and hell. All that is necessary to fill up the measure of this triumph is implied in the resurrection. Man, in his entirety, is to be recovered from the power of sin and death. We are to live again—we in all the fullness of our nature, and all that in us is taken from that completeness of nature by death, is by the power of the Son of God to be restored to us by a resurrection. The whole man is redeemed—death is to be swallowed up—the grave is to gain no victory. Less than this falls below the explicit teaching of the Word of God. And what is more, we can plainly see that all this is essential to the completeness of the great scheme of human redemption. Not only is the doctrine of the resurrection peculiar to the Bible, but we can easily see that the Bible as a revelation would be incomplete without it, and the scheme of redemption which it unfolds would betray a vital desideratum, giving to us "the first fruits of the Spirit," but leaving us "to groan within ourselves," wondering what of "the redemption of our body." Without this Christ is not a full Redeemer; the Gospel may be the glad tidings of a recovered immortality, but it is not a full salvation, and

Satan and sin have invincibly triumphed over a part of our nature.

On these two great facts the doctrine of the resurrection of the body rests immovably—the Bible declares it, and the scheme of redemption essentially requires it. The dead shall live again. "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive again." Death and the grave must deliver up the dead which are in them; the sea must give up the dead that are in it, and both death and hell must be cast into the lake of fire. The being that dies, is the being that shall live again; all that is essential to his identity and integrity as a being of soul and body, material and immaterial, will be raised again to life. "In my flesh," said Job, "shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

With the difficulties that seem to lie in the way of this divine triumph over death we have never been much troubled, being confident that they are difficulties in us and not in the doctrine, or in the way of God's accomplishing his own purposes. Our objections spring from exactly the same source as did those of the Sadducees, and our constant reply to them is simply that of the Divine Teacher, "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God." We are perfectly confident that all that God has promised in his Word, and all that is essential to a full redemption of both soul and body from the power of sin and death, he is able to accomplish, even to the "changing of our vile bodies that they may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."

Editor's Table.

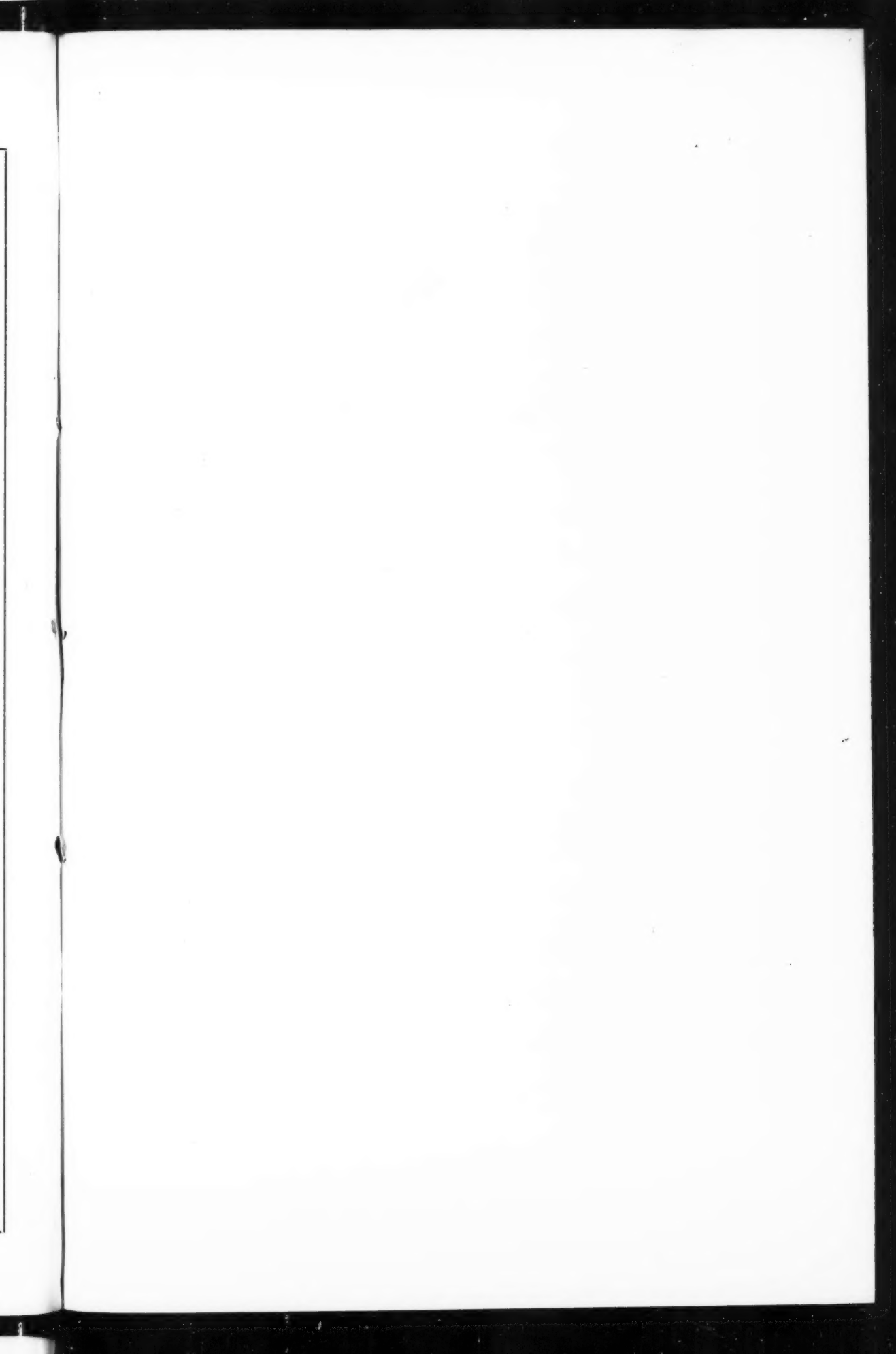
CENTENARY HYMNS.—On our table we find a little pamphlet containing six Centenary hymns, for the use of Centenary meetings and celebrations, composed by Rev. George Lansing Taylor, well known to our readers. The hymns are accompanied with appropriate and familiar tunes, and their publication is approved by the Central Centenary Committee, who also commend them to the Churches "as embodying the spirit of the Centenary festival in lyrical forms well adapted for congregational use." If generally circulated our Centenary praises in October might be sung in the same words and with the same melodies throughout the land.

"THE CENTENNIAL 1766-1866."—On our table we also find a Centennial pictorial, bearing the above title, issued by N. Tibbals, of New York. We notified our readers some time ago of the prospective appearance of this paper. It is about the size of Harper's Weekly, with eight four-columned pages of very interesting reading matter, and eight pages of pictorial illustrations, all designed to present Methodism as it was a hundred years ago, or as it is now. On the first page we have a likeness of John Wesley, with four other scenes, representing an itinerant on horseback, a class meeting, outdoor preaching, and a death-bed scene.

Further on we have the likenesses of several noble women—one of them tenderly connected with ourself and sacredly cherished in the memories of the past and the hopes of the future—also of the Bishops, and many other Methodists, living and dead—some of them tolerably good likenesses, others not what they should be, and as a whole not well grouped. The reading matter is varied and excellent, with a hundred historical facts and anecdotes, and all for the sum of twenty-five cents. It is worthy of extensive circulation, especially for its literary merits, and from the fact that a liberal proportion of its profits are to be devoted to the Centenary cause.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—A Day on a Plantation; Sister Alice; Fallen; The Silent Village; The Beautiful Land; The Neglected Vine; The Golden Rule; Water Lilies; Mistaken; Scotland's Second Burns; and Every Heart has its Own Sorrow.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—A Story of the People Called Methodists; Asks Answers; Life's Treasure; A Sweet Apology; Wasted Time; The Snow Hut; Bright June is Gone; Futurity; Let there be Light; The Decline of Summer; The Widow of Zehra; and Spiritual Landmarks.





THE GREAT SEA. BY J. M. W. TURNER. 1840.

THE GREAT SEA.
BY J. M. W. TURNER.
1840.



GEORGE, EARL OF ROBERT'S MELVILLE.